Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Albanian in the West Indies" was too late for this week; besides, he will observe on this page an earlier letter from those Islands.

A Catalogue of the sale of the Blood Stock of Geo. N. Sanders, Esq., will appear in our next, with the prices. Also, that of W. A. Warner, Esq. They arrived yesterday.

J. J., Esq., is apprised that *the* handbill has arrived safe.

"Perry" and H. W. H., of Stewart Town, with W. H. T. of Va., in our next. Also, G. B. S., of Galveston, and "An Observer."

The portrait shall be duly forwarded to J. C., should we not have an opportunity of sending it directly to Alabama.

The pedigree of Lady Suffolk in our next. Also a notice of Dutchman's picture and performances.

The Louisville Boat Club will be replied to this day.

We are delighted to welcome the return to our columns of "N." "W. M." and "Morgan Rattler." With such correspondents, added to the favors of "J. Cypress, Jr.," and "Sneezer," in addition to our staunch old friends, we may challenge competition.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 31, 1839.

THE THEATRICAL PUFFING SYSTEM.

There is one aspect in which the recent appearance of Mr. Ranger at the Park theatre may be considered worthy of a moment's pause. He appeared before a strange audience, and in a strange land, utterly unknown, even by name, to many who are habitually conversant with the London stage through newspapers and magazines, and yet his success has been undoubted. True, with a loud flourish of trumpets for the first night, a little larger audience might have been congregated for *that* occasion; but then many would have said, had that first appearance been pronounced successful by the press, "Oh, we have no faith in this man,—did you not observe how all the press puffed him in advance?—poor stick, poor stick, or he would not have required it." Now very many reason in this way, and very justly, too, and there can be little hazard in saying that where one individual, with the highest and most substantial claims to our approbation, derives support and an earlier popularity from antecedent flourish of trumpets, a dozen actors of ordinary or inferior merit are injured by the same course. Public expectation being aroused, they are tried by a severer ordeal, and the result is almost always disastrous, as we have illustrated on another page by a signal example which the annals of the past week have furnished. But prior to this, let us make a remark or two upon the peculiar and unpleasant position in which a poor editor is often placed by the ill-judged desire of actors, or the friends of actors, to have their merits heralded by shouts of praise, and public opinion forestalled.

The obstacle to fair and impartial criticism which most often obstructs the path of an editor, is his private friendships. Every right-minded man is exempt even from the hazard of injuring an actor through malice,—a man would be unfit for the conduct of a journal who did not find in his own heart sufficient guards against this chance of doing injustice; and there is little to be feared from pre-conceived erroneous opinions; the hazard is all on the other side—lest the warmth of friendship should blind him to faults which glare in the eyes of other and indifferent people. Again, not alone are you liable to do injustice by your friendship for particular individuals themselves upon the stage, but by the solicitations of their friends, urged in the particular instance, as if it were the first and the only interference which would ever be attempted with editorial remarks. It may be well enough, nay, it is desirable, that the attention of an editor should occasionally be called to the case of individuals, who may, in the press of weightier duties, have been overlooked. But never press him further than thus to call his attention to a proper theme of remark, never urge him for a specific performance of a specific task which you would designate;—if he be honest, enough is done when you but direct his attention, and if he agree with you in opinion, the cause you advocate will find in him a warmer, because a voluntary champion;—if you go further and insist upon a strong and decided advocacy of a particular cause, in opposition to the opinions of the editor, rely upon it that he will pursue one of these two courses;—if he be weak-minded and inclined to yield, our word for it, the paragraph which springs from a spirit so contemptible will betray its origin, and thereby work you harm—if on the contrary, he be stubborn to do right, (and in any event may *we* ever remain so!) the chance is that you provoke an opponent a thousand times more vigorous in his assaults, for the very reason that you have endeavored to throw him off his guard, and obtain that from his easy good nature, which you had no right to expect from his sense of justice.

One more word of advice, and we will get to more legitimate work. When you have haunted a poor editor for weeks with requests that he would do this or that for you or your friends, (which you feared he would not do of his own accord) and you have failed to obtain your object, never persecute him with inquiries for the reason why he has seen fit not to gratify your wishes; if the favor asked be for yourself, rest assured that if any thing can exceed the annoyance of not obtaining it, it will be the pain of hearing the editor's reply to you when he "turns to bay," and is *compelled* to give you his reasons; if the favor be asked for your friends, then be equally sure that any remonstrance upon its refusal, will but aggravate the evil, for you thus afford him an opportunity to disavow any personal offence and at once nail him to perseverance in his previously adopted course. Having thus blown off our steam upon the subject of the constant applications to which all editors are more or less subject, and put folks on a right scent as to the way in which to "circumnavigate" our affections, we will get at once into the midst of affairs again, only premising that in the above remarks we have had no particular reference to any *one* of the thousand and one solicitations which have been made to us since the present season commenced.

It may not be amiss to add that the above remarks were written for our theatrical page, but crowded therefrom by press of other matters.

A Good New Book.—We had just time to announce last week among several new publications, Murray's *Travels in North America*; we have since read this work, and have great pleasure in commending it as a delightful book of travels. Mr. Murray came to this country in 1834, seeking pleasure in observation of the manners and peculiarities of the new world. He came with no preconceived ideas of the country, no confirmed prejudices, which he sought to sustain in his own mind, and impress upon his countrymen. He came to learn the truth, not to seek for argument to build up already conceived theories. He wrote, too, more for his own amusement and that of his friends, than to earn a high price from a London publisher. His work is therefore simple, plain, and natural.

He came not without prejudice alone, but without that constitutional irritability which lends to John Bull the sullenness and fretfulness which have characterized his intercourse with foreigners. Mr. Murray did not look for the pleasures of a London saloon, or the luxuries of a princely home, in a Yankee country tavern, or in the log cabin of a Western settler. He does not therefore fret if in the one he meets with few of the assiduities and attentions of town life, or in the other still less of the elegancies of society. He has the air and the manners of a gentleman, and his best feelings; he appreciates the thrifty simplicity of Yankee life, and vindicates the New Englanders from the vulgar charge of meanness and trickery; he does justice to the rough but hearty hospitality of the backwoodsman. Every American must like the book and the author of it, to whom we owe one of the first truth-like and honest pictures of American life, from the hands of an English artist.

By far the most interesting portion of the two volumes, is the narration of the author's residence with the Pawnee Indians. He made himself familiar not alone with their manners and customs, but even their language. He entered with eager curiosity and a sportsman's relish, into their great pastime and business, buffalo hunting; his details upon this subject are narrated in a manner so simple and unpretending, that you never suspect an exaggeration, and yet the spirit and manliness of the author strike you in every incident, far as it was from his purpose thus to expose himself.

The most trying of his adventures was in attempting to guide a small party from the Indian country to the nearest American station, Fort Leavenworth—a distance to travel which would occupy them from twenty to thirty days—with no aid but his compass and his recollection of the country from once having traversed it. This narrative is extremely interesting, and gives the reader a clear insight into the character of the man. But for its length, we should copy it entirely; we have however found room for long extracts from a different portion of the work.

The reader must not presume from the above remarks that our author is a man of brilliant powers, or that the book displays the research or the profound reflection of De Tocqueville; it makes no such pretension, and seems to avoid general reflections upon our institutions. But it is a plain narrative, as it purports, of what the author *sees* in his three years' tour; and when we again repeat that this author is well-bred, observing, and good-tempered—and withal a scholar and an ardent lover of adventure and field sports—the reader will wish with us that his example may induce others of his countrymen, of like standing and character, to come among us in quest of amusement or instruction, and supplant altogether those pestilent *employés* of London publishers, who libel us for hire, or misrepresent our domestic and political institutions, to subserve the paltry purposes of party. We should add that the work is published by the Harpers of this city.

The Turf Register.—The September number of this magazine will be published on Monday next. The table of contents the reader will find among the advertisements of this week's paper. We may say editorially that the illustrations of this number, steel plate engravings of Bloomsbury and Deception, (the Derby and Oaks winners) are more costly than the embellishments of any *single* former number of the magazine.

Mrs. Lewer's Magazines.—It becomes us this week thus publicly to express our obligations to Mrs. Lewer for her early republication of "Bentley's Miscellany," and more particularly for the loan of a copy of "Blackwood" in advance of her republication. But for these, we should have been literally magazineless, for although the *Liverpool*, which sailed on the first of August, should have brought out the August magazines, and *did* bring them out to one bookselling house, yet our agent by some unaccountable error or accident, failed to put ours on board. Our sufferings would have been indeed intolerable, had not our neighbors of the "Corsair" and "Albion" been served in the same way.

Again we must commend the promptitude with which Mrs. Lewer brings out her reprints; "Bentley's Miscellany" was republished in less than six days, so that it was carried back to England on the 24th, although it arrived only on the 19th inst. "Blackwood," and the "Metropolitan," are already out, and three or four reviews will follow in quick succession. We particularly recommend the "Quarterly," and the "Edinburgh" reviews, and Blackwood's magazine to our own readers.

ANOTHER EPISTLE FROM THE WEST INDIES. No. II.

San Juan, Porto Rico, Aug. 20, 1839.

Dear Porter,—No doubt you think, that, regardless of the promise made to you in my last, I am not about to favor you with any more of my lucubrations, but if you think to escape so easily, miserably do you deceive yourself; the *cacoethes scribendi* has taken possession of me, and you must pay the penalty of your rash request at parting, by being condemned to read all the trash I choose to write.

I started a day or two after I wrote you (June 20th) for a small village about twenty miles from this, called Loysa, in company with a friend who had invited me to spend a short time at his house, with the understanding that we should return together to the city in time to be present at the feast of San Juan. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe our ride; no one who has not visited the tropics can ever imagine from description the splendor of the scenery. The towering palms which shoot upward like gigantic columns, straight as an arrow, with their feathery tops waving in the air like the plumes of a squadron of cavalry, the wild orange with its sweet blossoms and golden fruit which literally strews the road in many places, and other fruits strange to a northern eye, seemed to me like old and valued friends as I once more encountered them. By the bye, have you never felt that thrilling sensation which the sight of any object, even when expected, which in our earlier years we have been familiar with will frequently excite? There is a beautiful poem of, I believe, Mrs. Hemans, quite apropos to my subject. An eastern chief from one of the isles of the Indian Ocean had reached Paris in a French trading vessel; he was of course the lion of the day, but wearied at last with the sameness of the *centre of civilization* he sighed once more to visit his native island; in this mood he was strolling with one of his admirers through the Jardin des Plants, and eyeing with listless indifference the numerous curiosities, both animal and vegetable, which the government have spared no pains to collect. A start and exclamation of delight drew the attention of his companion; there in the centre of a small grass plot grew a beautiful and peaceful palm, its delicate branches drooped over a small fountain, and the tree itself appeared to pine for the bright skies and glowing sun of its native land; the eye of the chief glistened as he gazed; that lovely tree called up a thousand recollections, here friends and kindred were all brought vividly before him; and passing his arm around the slender trunk he bowed his head upon his breast and burst into tears. There's touch of the sentimental for you. Now then we'll put the helm hard up and try t on the other tack.

I spent four or five days very pleasantly in the country, shooting parrots, pigeons, and various kinds of water-fowl, but as I unfortunately had no gun of my own, I was obliged to make use of a miserable tinder box, which if I succeeded in persuading to go off once in half a dozen attempts, I thought myself peculiarly fortunate. Under such circumstances, you may imagine I was not particularly successful, but I managed to amuse myself, and that was sufficient. The parrots are the common green kind which are so often brought to this country by captains of vessels, and which at certain seasons of the year may be killed in immense numbers in the island; their flight is as swift as that of the pigeon, and they take as hard a blow to bring them down. The pigeons are the Zenaida dove, a small brown species common on the Florida Keys, and a blue pigeon with a white head, which is very abundant in the Bahamas. The water hen is a beautiful bird of bright changeable ground, and very numerous on all the streams and lagoons; a great number of various species of herons also frequent the rivers. The wild guinea fowl is rather scarce on the north side of Porto Rico; on the southern coast, however, you will find them very plentiful as you ride through the tall Guynea grass fields or the heavy woods. Taking every thing into consideration, where the road winds leading from Guynea to Ponie, I have killed three and four at a shot as they ran before my horse in the narrow path. It is not an island where you can expect to meet with much sport, as the thickness of the foliage in the woods, and the uncultivated nature of the country, render it very difficult for a sportsman to get at his game, even when he is aware of its most probable haunts. My paper is almost filled, and I shall put off my account of the feast of St. Juan until I shall have another opportunity of writing you; as it would never answer to compress the relation of the numerous accidents of that eventful day into the concluding page of a letter. Good bye, and as I cannot always be with you, take care of yourself! Until we meet,

Yours very truly, W. M.

Mr. Yellowplush.—It can hardly be that any of the readers of the "Spirit" have forgotten the famous Yellowplush Correspondence which we had the honor of introducing to the American public. They will be happy to learn that the author of that correspondence is likewise the originator of the Historical Reminiscences of Major Goliah O'Grady Gahagan, H. E. I. C. S., Commander of Battallion of Ahmendnuggar Irregular Horse. No English magazine writer comes up to the wit of this author, save alone the immortal Boz. In consideration of the former delight derived from his papers, we have determined to break through our established practice and copy from the "Corsair" a series of letters by this author, from France. The first one, we give to-day, which can hardly be deemed a fair specimen of his manner and pith as he has not yet warmed to his subject.

If the reader be anxious to know more of the author's name and character, let him read the following paragraph from the last letter of Willis in the "Corsair."

"I have been delighted to find that the authors of the two best periodical series of papers that have appeared for twenty years, are one and the same person. One of my first enquiries in London was touching the authorship of 'The Yellowplush Papers' and the 'Reminiscences of Major Gahagan'—the only things in periodical literature, except the Pickwick papers, for which I looked with any interest or eagerness. The author, Mr. Thackeray, breakfasted with me yesterday, and the readers of the Corsair will be delighted I am sure, to hear that I have engaged this cleverest and most gifted of the magazine writers of London to become *a regular correspondent of the Corsair.* He left London for Paris the day after, and having resided in that city for many years, his letters from thence will be pictures of life in France, done with a bolder and more *trenchant* pen than has yet attempted the subject. He will present a long letter every week, and you will agree with me that he is no common acquisition.

Thackeray is a tall, athletic man, of about thirty-five, with a look of talent that could never be mistaken. He has taken to literature, after having spent a very large inheritance, but in throwing away the gifts of fortune, he had cultivated his natural talents very highly, and is one of the most accomplished draughtsmen in England, as well as the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers. He has been the principal critic for the Times, and writes for Fraser and Blackwood. You will hear from him by the first steamer after his arrival in Paris, and thenceforward regularly."

Another Divorce Case in High Life—Almost. It will probably be recollected by many of our readers that Mrs. Willard, of Troy, N. Y., who was for many years at the head of a celebrated and popular Female Seminary in that city, was married about a year since to Dr. Yates, of New York, formerly of Albany—a man who had, we believe, obtained some celebrity as a physician, though in low circumstances as to pecuniary matters. Soon after the marriage Mrs. Yates, who had acquired a handsome property while at Troy, made arrangements to remove to Boston with her husband, for the purpose, as was supposed, of more conveniently superintending the publication of several books of which she is the authoress. Upon their arrival in Boston, a fashionable house was rented, and between four and five thousand dollars taken from the purse of Mrs. Yates to furnish it in good style. She soon discovered, however, that the character and disposition of her husband was the reverse of what she had reason to expect, and that he was in fact a tyrannical and unprincipled man, and withal an open and hardened infidel and debauchee! As was to be expected, Mrs. Yates soon began to receive from her husband the most unkind treatment and the most marked neglect. With the spirit of forbearance that distinguishes her sex, however, the lady bore in silence the ill usage of her husband, until within a few weeks past, when she came to the conclusion that it was no longer her duty to suffer from and quietly endure his cruelty. She has accordingly left "the bed and board" of Dr. Yates and returned to Troy, with an intention, we understand, of again becoming connected with the Female Seminary in that city—while her husband has not only refused to allow her to remove a single article of the furniture, or her own horse and carriage, all of which were purchased with her money, but is at this moment boarding at one of the hotels in Boston upon the avails of these articles, which he is disposing of as he finds his convenience or interest requires. Mrs. Yates, on the other hand, has employed a brother-in-law, who is a lawyer, residing in Vermont, to go to Boston and institute such proceedings as will secure to her a portion at least of her property. What success her counsel will meet with remains to be seen. The facts contained in the above brief statement of this singular and unfortunate affair, we received from a source entitled to implicit confidence, and therefore have been induced to give them publicity. We do so, however, not with a view to feed a morbid appetite for scandal, but with a desire to protect innocence and virtue from the polluting touch of the unprincipled and degraded.

Hartford Patriot.

To this the "Boston Morning Post" rejoins. Fun anon for the penny-a-liners!

A most scurrilous libel has been published in the Hartford Patriot, and copied into the Boston Atlas, Boston Transcript, and Mercantile Journal, accusing Dr. Yates, of this city, of ill treatment towards his wife, (formerly Mrs. Willard, of Troy, N. Y.,) and of divers other offences, of which he is equally innocent. So far from being guilty of any ungentlemanly conduct towards his wife, we have evidence that not even a harsh word passed between them. About a month since, Mrs. Yates left here to visit her friends in New York, when her husband accompanied her as far as Providence, where he parted with her in the kindest manner, expecting to receive her again in Boston in the course of a few weeks. For reasons unexplained, she has resolved not to return to Boston, and accordingly the Doctor has broken up his establishment here, and is preparing to remove to Albany immediately. We have authority for stating that all the accusations in the publications above referred to, implicating the honor and integrity of Dr. Yates, can be proved to be false, and we are confident that the party whom they are intended to serve will not attempt to substantiate them.

TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.

BY THE HON. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY.

CAMP MOVED—MEDICINE COUNCIL.

August 5.—Moved our camp before four in the morning, and without breakfast; an arrangement peculiarly unpleasant to me, inasmuch as I had gone dinnerless and supperless to bed on the preceding evening. We rode eight or nine miles, and then received intelligence from the scouts that there were several large herds of buffaloes in the neighborhood. The chiefs accordingly ordered a halt of the tents, women, children, and baggage; and having held a great medicine council, at which I attended, and at which it was formally announced that the Great Spirit was favorable, it was determined that there was to be a grand *chasse*. Accordingly, the chiefs, warriors, and braves sallied forth, accompanied by what we should call, in the highlands, gillies; that is, younger and inferior Indians, who lead a spare horse, and either give it to their lord when his own is tired, or cut up and carry home the victims of his bow and arrow.

PREPARATION FOR HUNTING.

This was the most magnificent preparation for hunting that I had yet seen. We marched in three parallel lines; the chief of the Grand Pawnees occupying the front of the centre, from whence he issued, from time to time, the requisite orders. He was surrounded by a select body of the principal warriors and medicine-men. With the latter he pretended to consult frequently; and the whole line was halted until their consultation was ended, when it was immediately communicated from front to rear by running criers, who shouted in the true loud nasal tone of a village bellman. Not a man was allowed to leave the ranks; and the discipline seemed as strict as among regular troops on a march. Soon the group surrounding the great chief advanced a little in front of the main body, and I attached myself to it for two reasons; first, I wished to see, and, if possible, to understand, the arrangements made for the chase; and, secondly, I was anxious to ride by the great chief, and to endeavor, by making him such civil speeches as my limited knowledge of his language, assisted by signs, would permit, to do away the grudge which this malicious, treacherous, and vindictive man seemed to bear me.

MARTIAL APPEARANCE OF THE CHIEF.

When I approached, he separated himself from his retinue, whom he did not wish to have within earshot of our conversation, and rode slowly toward me. I could not help being struck by his grotesque, yet martial appearance, which I will endeavor to describe. He was mounted on a light dun or cream-colored steed, whose long mane and frontlock, wild fiery eye, and light active form, showed it to be a child of the Western wilderness. Seated in a Mexican peak saddle, covered with a wolf-skin, he seemed a part of the animal which he bestrode; so naturally and firmly were the muscular thighs, which his singular dress allowed to be visible, attached to the horse's side.

On his head he wore a kind of turban, made from a red silk shawl, from beneath which his small, sly, restless eyes peered with a keen malicious expression; but the most remarkable feature in his unprepossessing countenance was the mouth which, without being large or underjawed, was strongly indicative of many of the most prevalent and dangerous vices of the Indian character. No man of ordinary penetration could look at him without seeing sensuality, falsehood, and the more dark and revengeful passions, stamped legibly on his countenance.* On his legs he wore the usual deer-skin leggins, and on his feet braided moccasins, over which were buckled a pair of huge old-fashioned Spanish gilt spurs. In one hand he carried a light single-barrelled fowling-piece. His girdle, which was another red silk shawl, supported a long hunting knife. In his left hand he held the reins of a heavy and highly ornamented Spanish bridle, with a curved bit, long enough to break the jaw of any horse that should venture to pull against it, and which, from the gilt stars, chains, and buckles which adorned it, seemed to have belonged to the same cavallero of the seventeenth century as the spurs which I before mentioned.

All this portion of the chief's costume was picturesque and in character, but that upon which he chiefly prided himself threw an air of ridicule over the whole (alas! such a failing is to be found among white as well as red men)—I mean a common, ill-made, cloth coat, with brass buttons, which had been brought out from Fort Leavenworth by the deputation with whom I had travelled. A lad beside him carried his bow and arrows, in the use of which his dexterity is almost unequalled, and on which he relied for victory, whether over biped or quadruped foes; the gun which he carried being used, like his coat, for show, not use, and both cast away when the chase-signal or the war-cry was given.

THE AUTHOR'S HUNTING DRESS.

Such was the chief to whom I now doffed my hat with the usual salutation. We must have been an excellent *pair*, if he could only give to the public as faithful a description of me as I have of him. I will endeavor to do it myself, as impartially as I can. I was mounted on my favorite *sorrel*;* and she, at least, could bear comparison with the chief's steed in swiftness, strength, and endurance, and was very superior in docility and gentleness; on my head was a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, which, from having often performed the double office of pillow and night-cap by night, and of umbrella by day, was almost indescribable in respect to form; a blue shirt, and a black velveteen shooting-jacket with enormous pockets, stuffed full of a strange miscellany of requisites, covered my upper man; I wore neither neckcloth, braces, nor waistcoat; round my waist was a strong leather belt, in which were stuck my hunting-knife, and a brace of pistols in front, and at the side, a short heavy iron-handled cut-and-thrust sword, such as is sometimes used in Germany in a boar-hunt, and nearly resembling the old Roman sword; my nether extremities were protected by a pair of stout corderoy breeches and buckskin leggins, all fitting close to the leg; and in my right hand was my faithful double-barrelled rifle. I ought to add, that my visage was tanned nearly of an Indian color, and was ornamented or disfigured by a pair of long mustaches.

CONVERSATION WITH THE CHIEF.

Such were the two persons who now met to hold conference between the Pawnee lines. I saw at once that the chief was vexed and displeased; so, after two or three brief remarks respecting the fineness of the day, and the abundant marks of buffalo in the prairie, I held my peace, and waited for him to break the ice after his own fashion. It was not long before he did so, by abruptly remarking, "It is not good that the Nĕshàdă-takà (the white chief) does not visit the lodge of the grand chief." I told him as well as I could, that I had travelled with Să-ní-tsă-rish from the white men's country—that he was good to me—that he was my father, and that it would not be good for me to leave his lodge. He returned to the charge more warmly, saying, "that I was a great white chief, and a friend of his grandfather, (meaning the President of the United States.) That I came to smoke the pipe and to hunt with the Pawnees, and that he was the *great* chief, and that it was an insult to him not to live in his lodge." I repeated again that "I had travelled many days with Să-ní-tsă-rish before I had *seen* him—that my companion V—— had come with his son, Paé-taé-laé-cha'rò, and therefore remained with him; and that, after eating and sleeping so long in the lodges of our hosts, it would not be right to leave them."

EQUIPMENT OF THE WARRIORS.

Unfortunately, I here touched upon another chord which jarred upon the chief's feelings, by alluding to his son, with whom, as I afterward learned, he was by no means upon a friendly footing. My explanation only extracted an "ugh;" and he soon left me, with a countenance at least as dark and ill-humored as when he joined me. When he galloped again to the head of his retinue, I could not help admiring the picturesque and warlike appearance of the warriors around him. Some of these were dressed in buffalo-robes, gorgeously painted; two or three of the principal warriors (who had belonged to the deputation sent to Fort Leavenworth) had been presented with common English round hats; these they had stuck on their heads, still enveloped in the brown paper and string in which they had been wrapt in the store, and which they considered "great medicine:" it was scarcely possible to restrain a smile on seeing a dignified Indian thus accoutred. Others wore blankets, blue or white, which hung in negligent folds, or floated gracefully in the wind, according to the speed at which the rider moved; others again, of the younger chiefs, were attired in the extreme of Pawnee dandyism, in scarlet cloth, with beads on their arms and necks, and all their bridles glittering and jingling with ornaments; while others remained entirely naked, displaying as they rode the faultless proportion of their limbs, and, to the eye of taste, were more gloriously equipped, as they thus came from the hand of the Creator, than their motley and fantastic brethren, whom I have before described.

These naked hunters had all a belt round the waist, from which hung a small cloth, or kerchief, and in the folds of the belt were concealed their knife, tobacco, tinder, and flint, and the other trifles which an Indian always has with him. On their back was the quiver, every arrow in which was carefully examined and newly pointed;‡ in their right hand the bow, and in their left hand the simple thong or laryette, which was used instead of a bridle; some had saddles, but the greater part of them only interposed a strip of buffalo's hide between the person and the horse.

* This chief's character, which I here drew, partly from slight observation, partly from the information of others, proved afterwards to answer exactly to my description. His son, Pae-tae-lae-cha'ro, with whom my companion V—— lodged, was an exact counterpart and copy of him, except that, in personal proportions and strength, he had greatly the advantage over his father.

† In England called *roan*.

‡ It is well known to all travellers who have visited the Indians of the West, that they have two kinds of arrows, one for hunting, the other for war. The former has a head formed like the point of an ordinary lance, or sometimes an isosceles triangle, with a very narrow base; the latter barbed like the point of a fish-hook, obviously that a wounded enemy may not be able to extract it.

FORCED MARCH.

We rode many miles in this manner, making occasional halts, when the great chief received the reports of the scouts; and, according to their tenour, sent his proclamations along the line. At length, orders were given to advance at a gallop, but to keep our ranks, none being allowed to go in front of the chiefs, or beyond a certain distance on the flanks, under pain of a severe flogging; a penalty which the soldiers are by no means remiss in inflicting.* The buffalo were still at a distance, and we had as yet seen none; but we continued our rapid march for above an hour; and here I could not but admire the activity and endurance of these savage hunters; the day was intolerably hot, and there was scarcely a breath of air to temper the rays of a burning sun.

It was now two or three o'clock; we had been in the saddle, without rest or food, since four in the morning, and were making a forced march, which kept the horses at a short canter, or round trot, of eight miles an hour; yet did numbers of these Pawnees vault off their horses, and run by the side of them, in order that they might be fresh and ready as soon as the buffalo should be in sight. My good steed showed some signs of weariness and exhaustion from the extreme heat; and as I was determined to keep her in order for what might befall me on my return, I dismounted, very reluctantly, and mounted a small half-broke Indian horse, which my old chief sometimes lent to me. This carefulness of my roan nearly cost me my life, as will soon appear.

ATTACK THE HERDS.

At length a momentary halt was given, and a hurried proclamation issued, that the "men must be ready." We were drawn up on the side of a hill, below which was a valley of no great depth, and on the other side another hill, intersected by many ravines, down each of which a black living torrent was pouring into the valley. In fact, a large body of Indians had been sent round to head them; a manœuvre which they had successful executed, and they were already plying their fatal arrows among the rear herds. A dreadful shout, or yell was now raised, and we rushed down to meet them, every man striving to be the first to reach the devoted band. As soon as they became aware of these new foes in their front, they seemed to forget all their usual habits of following a particular track or leader, and galloped in any direction to which chance or terror drove them. It was, indeed, one of the most picturesque sights I ever beheld, to see these hairy monsters rushing with headlong speed down the declivities, snorting, bellowing, and regardless of shots or arrows; some rolling over lifeless under the shafts of their merciless persecutors; some standing still, with erect tail, blood-shot eye, and nostrils frothed with blood, waiting in vain for the crafty enemy to approach within reach of their dying rush; and others breaking through all opposition, and studding the most distant part of the landscape with black specks, which gradually diminished, and were at length lost to view.

DANGEROUS CONFLICT.

Alas! I had more leisure for examining this prospect than was altogether agreeable to me as a hunter; for I was soon aware that the animal on which I was now mounted had neither speed nor strength to carry me among the foremost ranks. The cows are, as I have before remarked, so much more tender at this season, and so much more fleet than the bulls, that they were the chief object of pursuit, and were soon driven, by the best mounted Indians, far beyond my reach. Still I kept galloping on, in the hope that some fortunate accident might throw me in the way of one which had been overlooked. At length I saw a cow at the distance of some hundred yards. She was running pretty fast, and apparently unhurt; but, on coming up to her, I observed an arrow sticking in her flank. The wound did not seem to be serious; but, if I had killed her, I should have been obliged to give her meat and skin up to the fellow who shot that arrow; so I left her to her fate, and determined to wage war with some of the lords of the buffalo race. Accordingly, I rode toward the first whom Fate threw in my way: and he seemed by no means inclined to hurry his pace, or to change the direction in which he was lazily cantering along. He was indeed a magnificent bull, of the very largest size, and had the thickest fell of hair that I had seen in the prairie. When I came within fifty yards on his right flank, I rode on in a parallel line, not choosing to trust my small and uncertain horse too near to my dangerous neighbour; but whenever I raised my rifle to shoot, the fractious animal jumped and sprang aside, so that it was impossible to take a sure aim. After making several fruitless endeavours to fire from his back, I dismounted, and throwing the bridle over my left arm, took a deliberate aim at the bull as he cantered past me, at about the same distance of fifty yards. The ball struck a few inches behind the heart, but did not touch it; one moment he paused, as I thought, about to fall, but it was only to glare his eye fiercely upon me, lash his tail, and then to charge me at full speed. It may be believed that I was not long in jumping on my horse, and burying the spurs in his flanks; but so wearied or slow was he, that before he got into a gallop, the bull was within a few yards of me.

And now began a race which was run with as hearty good will of the contending parties (at least I can answer for *one* of them), as any trial of speed on earth since poor Hector fled round the walls of Troy. It would have been madness to expend my last bullet in a random shot, so I reserved it for a mortal struggle in case my horse and I should be overthrown; and, in the meantime, urged him with hand leg and spur, to his utmost exertions. Indeed, he required little pressing; for terror lent him wings. Whether any feelings of a similar nature occupied his rider, I do not feel called upon to state, as I am not at a confession; but for a distance between seventy and a hundred yards I knew not how the race would terminate. I looked over my right shoulder, and his thundering hoofs, glaring eyes, and nostrils throwing out bloody froth, were close at my horse's flank. However, I could soon perceive that, from his unwieldly size, and the severe wound I had given him, he was failing in strength; and, accordingly, pressed my little horse to place me yet farther out of his reach. As soon as he saw that his efforts at revenge had failed, he stopped short, stamped, blew, bellowed, and made all the most furious gestures of rage and pain. When I was again about fifty yards from him I pulled up and determined to wait two or three minutes, very prudently reflecting, that in the meantime my horse was recovering breath, while my enemy was bleeding and exhausting himself by empty demonstrations of fury. As soon as I thought my horse ready for a new race, if necessary, I again dismounted, and fired with better aim and effect. The bull staggered a few paces and rolled in the dust.

I was not sorry to see him fall; for I felt no confidence in my horse, and was not by any means sure that the next race, if I had been obliged to run another, would have terminated so fortunately. Indeed, I had been guilty of gross imprudence in dismounting so near to him, while his tail had that peculiar curve and elevation which the Indians call "the mad tail." *I had received warning on the subject, but do not remember whether I have before noted it down, that the buffalo, when galloping in flight, carries his tail like that of ordinary cattle; when wounded, or at bay, he often lashes it, or carries it over his back; but when *mad*, or in that mood which induces him to attack anything within his reach, he carries it nearly horizontal, with a slight curve in the middle, like some of the lions in coats of-arms. Such had been the case with my late opponent; and, with so sorry a steed, I ought to have kept at a more respectful distance.

Having given him the *coup de grace* with my hunting-knife, I fortunately saw two Indians, of inferior rank, with a horse, and calling to them, told them to cut up and carry the meat to the tent of Sa-ni-tsa-rish, and to keep what they chose for themselves. This latter portion of my instructions they obeyed more faithfully than the former; for they kept it *all*, and took none to my old chief. In truth, I was not very anxious about it, as the flesh of this veteran was, probably, as coarse and tough as that of a rhinoceros.

THE UNHORSED INDIAN.

My nag being now refreshed by half an hour's rest and grazing, I set off in quest of new adventures, and had not proceeded far before I perceived a dismounted Indian, whose horse was ripped up by a buffalo. I hastened forward, and killed the savage animal, which was still goring and stamping on its unhappy victim. On approaching the unhorsed cavalier, I recognized my friend Iotan, the chief of the Otoes. He knew three words of English, and said "Very good; very good; thankie." He then pointed to his thigh, the whole length of which the buffalo's horn had grazed, without entering, and said in Pawnee, "Not good; not good." I saw that he was a good deal bruised, and offered him my horse; but he laughed and declined it, beginning at the same time to cut up the quarry. One of his Otoe men coming up, I left them together, and proceeded on my way, congratulating myself upon having escaped better than the chief, who lost his horse, and had to walk back to camp.

A YOUNG BULL SHOT.

As I trotted over the plain, I began to feel the cravings of hunger, almost to a painful degree, which is not to be wondered at, as I had been twelve hours in hard exercise, without rest, and had eaten nothing on the preceding day. After riding a few miles farther, I saw a small herd: upon giving chase, a young bull fell behind the rest, being so fat that he could not keep up with them. After running them a considerable distance, we came to a very narrow steep ravine; and as I saw the leaders cross directly up the opposite side, I knew that the fat gentleman would follow them as well as he was able. Accordingly I dismounted, examined my caps, and prepared for a comfortable shot. When all the rest had disappeared over the opposite brow, he toiled lazily up the ascent. As soon as he was exactly in the place where I wished him to be, and not more than forty yards off, I fired. He turned instantly, gave me a fierce look, and began to run straight towards me: but the ball had been too true; he required no second, and rolled dead into the ravine below.

* On one occasion a younger son of Sa-ni-tsa-rish received a severe whipping for hunting, and bringing us some buffalo meat, contrary to the orders of the day.

A HUNTER'S MEAL.

I now hobbled my horse, took off my jacket, tucked up my sleeves, drew my knife, and prepared to make my *coup d'essai* as a butcher. Previously to eating my savage and solitary meal, I looked around. There was not a human being in sight to assist me in turning over the body, which is hard work for two ordinary men, but impossible for one; so I was obliged to content myself with skinning only one side. My knife was not very sharp, and those only who have seen and proved the skin of this hairy monster can judge of the labor of the task. After an hour's unremitting work I succeeded, and then went on to open the body. Without much difficulty I got at the liver, and began to eat, certainly more like a wolf, or Indian, than a Christian man. After devouring several large morsels, I saw a hunter coming toward me at full speed. He had been unsuccessful, and was hungry. I was nearly choked with thirst, and, as soon as he arrived, made him signs that if he would fetch me water I would give him as much to eat as he chose. He nodded assent. We then took out the bladder of the buffalo; I told him to wash it well, and bring it back full of clear water. He went off at a gallop, and in about a quarter of an hour came back, having executed his commission. I cannot say that the water was quite crystal; but I never enjoyed a more delicious meal than this raw liver, and the water, such as it was. The Indian also showed me two or three other morsels, which I found excellent; and I strongly recommend to any gentleman who may ever find himself similarly situated, to break a bone and suck the marrow *

When he had satisfied his hunger, my new ally made me signs that he was on an errand for one of the chiefs, and must hasten away. Having told him that he might go, and seen him depart, I turned again to my dissecting operations; but, ere long, was once more interrupted by the arrival on the spot of two young men, mounted. I did not know either of them; neither did I much like their appearance. I strongly suspect that they belonged to the *Republique* Band, who are always the most mischievous and dangerous Indians in the nation.

As we were so far remote from all observation, I thought it better to place my rifle (in which there was one ball), in a position where I could readily snatch it up; and, with a loaded pistol in my belt, I stooped over the buffalo, as if intent upon it, but actually watching them. When they came up, and had given the usual salutation, they examined the meat, said it was very good, and offered to help me in cutting it up if I would make them a present. This seasonable assistance was not to be refused; so I told them, if they would do so, and assist me to place it on my horse, I would give one of them a knife, and the other one or two papers of rouge.

PERPLEXING SITUATION.

They seemed satisfied, and proceeded to cut away industriously for a few minutes; and I must confess with skill so superior to mine, that they did more in that time than I could do in half an hour. However, they soon stopped; and one said he must have my knife, the other that he wanted a trifle that was hanging by a silk chain round my neck. I told them no,—they should have what I originally promised They seemed very angry at this, and said they would cut no more. I told them "it was very good, they might ride on." One then approached, and was proceeding to place on his horse the meat that he and his companion had cut, while the latter sneaked round the buffalo, and began to paw and handle the butt-end of the rifle. I did not like the proceedings of these two ill-looking rascals, nor the glances which they exchanged with each other, and not wishing to trust them too far, took up my rifle, and told them gravely that the meat was mine, and they should not take it away, but if they were willing to cut it up, that I would make them the presents I had promised. They said very angrily they would cut no more. I then sat down quietly by the buffalo, examined the cap of my pistol, and told them they had better go to the camp; they muttered a few words together, which I did not understand, and rode off

I then collected all the meat which I and they had cut, and stripping the hide into thongs, strung the masses of flesh, amounting to about a hundred weight, upon them, in the usual Indian fashion, including the tongue, heart, fat, and what *remained* of the liver. I had not my compass with me, and after the circles and deviations which I had made in the course of the chase, it was by no means easy to find either the distance or the direction of the camp, especially as the great chief had sent back messengers after the hunt began, ordering them to move their encampment to the banks of some streamlet indicated to them, but totally unknown to me. However, I knew it must be somewhere between north and east; I had watched the Indians who had left me; and putting these two sources of information together, I made up my mind as to the course I would steer, and having un-hobbled my horse, proceeded to sling the meat over his back.

He stood perfectly quiet till I had put on all but the last and heaviest sling of flesh, this required both my hands, and just as I threw it over his back, the restive animal reared up, struck me on the head, knocked me down, and galloped off. Not being hurt, I jumped up, and saw him kicking, leaping, and flinging, till he had scattered all my hard-earned meat over the prairie, then he cantered leisurely down the valley after the Indians who had left me. Though he was not an Eclipse, I could not hope to overtake him on foot; so I walked about, and collected together all the *disjecta membra* which had already cost me so much trouble, and forming them into a heap, sat down to ruminate.

My case seemed this. The camp was moved I knew not whither, but certainly was at some distance. I was alone, and out of hail of all assistance; nay, I could see the two scoundrels who had left me driving my horse far away, instead of endeavoring to catch him for me, and I made an internal resolution to reward them as they deserved if ever they gave me an opportunity; I had also before me the prospect of a long walk in oppressively hot weather, added to the uncertainty of finding the camp, whither I was obliged to devise some means of carrying my rifle, my pistols, my large thick shooting jacket, and my hundred weight of meat.

From this prospect I turned to my actual state, sitting, as I was, on the ground, with my hands, arms, and face saturated and glued with blood; it was indeed too much, and I burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. I then began to think of the strange and varied notions of pleasure entertained by different men, and could not help questioning whether my Pawnee trip, voluntarily incurred, with its accompaniments, did not render the sanity of my mind a matter of some doubt.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

My musings were interrupted by seeing an Indian appear on the opposite heights, and ride along them toward the camp. I made signals, and shouted for him to come toward me; he did so; and, on his near approach, I saw that his horse was laden with meat, and that he was a fellow of a fine, open, bold expression of countenance. I told him my tale in brief; and when I described to him how the two young men had frightened away instead of catching and restoring my horse, he frowned and said, they were "bad men;" and without another word, threw all the meat from his horse, and galloped in pursuit. I wondered how he had so readily understood my broken Pawnee; but I suppose that in this, as in every other case, distress and earnestness produced eloquence!

In half an hour he returned, bringing with him my truant steed. I thanked him by *gestures*, (for in their language there is no word for "thank you,") but he seemed to understand me, for he smiled and appeared in very good humor. I assisted him to load his horse, and he performed the same office for me; as both steeds were weary, I only added the weight of my jacket to the meat, threw the bridle on my arm, shouldered my rifle, and walked by the side of my good-natured companion; here I amused myself by prosecuting my studies in his language.

After we had walked four or five miles, we overtook an Indian crawling along by the side of his horse, at a pace which showed one or both to be nearly disabled. On coming close to them we found that they had been both overthrown by a bull; the man had escaped with a few severe bruises, but the poor animal had two deep gashes in his hams, into which I could have thrust my hands. I endeavored to persuade him to let me put it out of pain; but he insisted upon dragging it on towards the camp, which however, it never reached.

RETURN TO THE CAMP.

As my companion had not asked for any reward for his trouble or assistance, I was the more anxious to give him one, and, having nothing about me, I desired him as soon as we should reach the camp to come to my lodge, and I would give him some tobacco, rouge, &c. He said it was "very good, but he could not come to-night, as his tent was far, but he would come in the morning." After three hours' brisk walking we came in sight of the fires, shook hands and parted, as his lodge was to the east, and I knew mine must be to the west of the encampment.

When I arrived before Sa-ni-tsa-rish's lodge with my nag thus laden, the chief's wives and daughters came out to look after the horse and meat; and while they were unloading, I walked in and sat down with the dignified gravity of a mandarin. This was easier to assume than it was to maintain, for the squaws interchanged most comic glances in silence while they unpacked the meat, and saw the uncouth and strange nature of the white chief's butchery; for, as I had been unable to cut up the whole animal, I had merely picked out the largest masses of solid meat and fat, the forms and shapes of which were of the most fantastic and irregular description. I hope they thought it was done according to the white man's medicine; at all events, it would tend to raise me in their estimation, to see that I could bring home, as well as kill, buffalo meat.

* I hope the indulgent reader will remember that I had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, and that the cravings of hunger had rendered me almost mad. I have since shuddered at the wolfish sensations I remember to have experienced that day.

Among the fashionables, a coachman remarked that a *sociable* was all the ton during the honeymoon, and a *sulkey* ever afterwards.

HUNTING.

A Frightful "Fix" for a Hunter.—While at Fort Snelling, Capt. Marryat became acquainted with Capt. Scott, of the U. S. Army, a native of Vermont, who is one of the greatest Nimrods in the country, and probably the best marksman in the world. Two potatoes being thrown up in the air, he will watch his opportunity and pass his rifle ball through them both; and this astonishing feat he is said often to have performed. This potato-piercing business, however, has nothing to do with one of the hunter-Captain's perilous adventures, as related by himself to Capt. Marryat, in these words, to wit:

I was riding out one day in Arkansas, and it so happened I had not my rifle with me, nor indeed a weapon of any description, not even my jack-knife. As I came upon the skirts of a prairie, near a small copse, a buck started out, and dashed away as if much alarmed. I thought it was my sudden appearance which had alarmed him; I stopped my horse to look after him, and turning my eyes afterwards in the direction from whence it had started, I perceived, as I thought, on a small mound of earth raised by an animal called a gopher, just the head of the doe, her body concealed by the high grass. I had no arms, but it occurred to me, that if I could contrive to crawl up very softly, the high grass might conceal my approach, and I should be able to spring upon her and secure her by main strength. "If I can manage this," said I to myself, "it will be something to talk about." I tied my horse to a tree, and commenced crawling very softly on my hands and knees towards the gopher hill; I arrived close to it, and the doe had not started; I rose gently with both hands ready for a grab, and prepared to spring, slowly raising my head that I might get a sight of the animal. It appeared that the animal was equally inquisitive, and wished to gain a sight of me, and it slowly raised its head from the grass as I did mine. Imagine what was my surprise and consternation, to find that, instead of a doe, I was face to face with a large male panther. It was this brute which had so scared the buck, and now equally scared me. There I was, at hardly one yard's distance from him, without arms of any description, and almost in the paws of the panther. I knew that my only chance was keeping my eyes fixed steadfastly on his, and not moving hand or foot; the least motion to retreat would have been his signal to spring; so there I was, as white as a sheet, with my eyes fixed on him. Luckily he did not know what was passing within me. For some seconds the animal met my gaze, and I began to give myself up for lost. 'Tis time for you to go, thought I, or I am gone: will you never go? At last, the animal blinked, and then his eyes opened like balls of fire; I remained, fascinated as it were; he blinked again, turned his head a very little, then turned round and went away at a light canter. Imagine the relief. I hastened back to my horse, and away also went I at a light canter, and with a lighter heart, grateful to Heaven for having preserved me.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH

BEFORE THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

The first triennial celebration of the National Agricultural Society was held at Oxford on the 18th of July. Earl SPENCER presided. At the dinner, 3,000 persons sat down to table, under an immense awning. Many good toasts and speeches were elicited, from among which we select the report of the remarks of Mr. WEBSTER.

The Chairman, (Earl Spencer) in giving the next toast, said they had already drunk the health of a foreign minister who was present, but they had the honor and advantage of having among them other foreigners, not employed in any public capacity, who had come among them for the purpose of seeing a meeting of English farmers, such as he believed never had been witnessed before, but which he hoped might often be seen again. Among these foreigneir was one gentleman of a most distinguished character from the United States of America, [cheers] that great country whose people we were obliged legally to call foreigners, but who are still our brethren in blood. [Loud cheers.]

It was most gratifying to him that such a man had been present at that meeting, that he might know what the farmers of England really were, and be able to report to his fellow citizens the manner in which they were united, from every class, in promoting their peaceful and most important objects. He gave, "The health of Mr. Webster and other distinguished strangers." The toast was received with much applause.

Mr. WEBSTER said, the notice which the noble Earl at the head of the table had been kind enough to take of him, and the friendly sentiments which he had seen fit to express toward the country to which he belonged, demanded his most cordial acknowledgments. He should, therefore, begin by saying how gratified he had been in having it in his power to pass one day among the proprietors, the cultivators, the farmers of Old England—[cheers]—that England of which he had been reading and conversing all his life, and now for once had the pleasure of visiting. [Loud cheers.]

He would say in the next place—if he could say—how much he had been pleased and gratified with the exhibition of one product, or branch of product, of that agriculture for which England was so justly distinguished. When persons connected with some pursuit, of whatever description, assembled in such numbers, he could not but look on them with respect and regard; but he confessed at once that he was more than ordinarily moved on all such occasions, when he saw before him a great assemblage of those whose interests, whose hopes, whose objects and pursuits were connected on either continent with the cultivation of the soil. [Loud cheers.]

Whatever else might tend to enrich and beautify society, that which feeds and clothes comfortably the great mass of mankind should always, he contended, be regarded as the great foundation of national interest. He need not say that the agriculture of England was instructive to all the world; as a science, it was here better understood; as an art, it was here better practised; as a great interest, it was here as highly esteemed as in any other part of the globe. [Cheers.]

The importance of agriculture to a nation was obvious to every man; but it perhaps did dot strike every mind so suddenly, although certainly it was equally true that the annual product of English agriculture was a great concern to the whole civilized world. [Cheers.] The civilized and commercial states were so connected, their interests were so blended, that it was a matter of notoriety that the fear or the prospect of a short crop in England deranged and agitated the business transactions and commercial regulations and speculations of the whole world.

It was natural that this should be the case in those nations which looked to the occurrence of a short crop in England as an occasion which may enable them to dispose profitably of their own surplus produce; but the fact went much further, for when there was such an occurrence in the English capital, the centre of commercial speculations for the whole world, where the price of commodities was settled and arranged, where the exchanges between nations were conducted and concluded, its consequences were felt every where, as none knew better than the noble Earl who occupied the chair.

Should there be a frost in England fifteen days later than usual, should there be an unseasonable drought, or ten cold and wet days instead of ten warm and dry ones, when the harvest should be reaped, every exchange in Europe and America felt the consequence of it. He would not pursue these remarks. [Loud cries of "Go on, go on."] He must, however, say that he entertained not the slightest doubt of the great advantage to the interests of agriculture which must result from the formation and operation of this society.

Was it not obvious to the most common observer that those who cultivated the soil had not the same conveniences, opportunities, and facilities of daily intercourse and comparison of opinions as the commercial and manufacturing interests? [Cheers.] Those who are associated in the pursuits of commerce and manufactures naturally congregated together in cities; they had immediate means of frequent communication. Their sympathies, feelings, and opinions were instantaneously circulated like electricity through the whole body.

But how was it with the cultivators of the soil? Separated, spread over a thousand fields, each attentive to his own acres, they had only occasional opportunities of communicating with each other. If, among commercial men, chambers of commerce and other institutions of that character, if, among the trades, guilds were found expedient, how much more necessary and advisable to have some such institutions, which at least annually should bring together the representatives of the great agricultural interest? [Cheers.]

In many parts of the country to which he belonged, there were societies upon a similar principle, which had been found very advantageous. They had rewards for specimens of fine animals; they had rewards for implements of husbandry, supposed to excel those which had been known before. They turn their attention to every thing supposed to facilitate the operations of the farmer, and to improve his stock and interest in the country. Among other means of improving agriculture they had imported largely from the best breeds of animals known in England. [Cheers.]

He knew that a gentleman who had to-day deservedly obtained many prizes for stock would not be displeased to learn that he had seen along the rich pastures of the Ohio and its tributary streams animals raised from those which had been furnished by his farms in Yorkshire and Northumberland. [Cheers.] But, apart from this subject, he must be allowed to make a short response to the very kind sentiments, which went near to his heart, as uttered by the noble Earl at the head of the table.

Their noble chairman was pleased to speak of the people of the United States as kindred in blood with the people of England. [Cheers.] I (continued the honorable gentleman) am an American. [Cheers.] I was born on that great continent, and I am wedded to the fortunes of my country for weal or for wo. [Loud cheers.] There is no other region of the earth which I can call my country. [Cheers.] But I know, and I am proud to know, what blood flows in these veins. [Cheers.]

I am happy to stand here to-day, and to remember, although my ancestors for several generations lie buried beneath the soil of the Western continent, yet there has been a time when my ancestors toiled in the same cities and villages, [cheers,] cultivated adjacent fields, [cheers,] and worked together to build up that great structure of civil polity which has made England what England is. [Cheers.]

When I was about to embark, some friends asked me what I was going to England for. To be sure, gentlemen, I came for no object of business, public or private; but I told them I was coming to see the elder branch of the family. [Loud cheers.] I told them I was coming to see my distant relations—[cheers]—my kith and kin of the old Saxon race. [Loud cheers.]

With regard to whatsoever is important to the peace of the world, its prosperity, the progress of knowledge and of just opinions, the diffusion of the sacred light of Christianity—[loud cheers]—I know nothing more important to the promotion of those best interests of humanity and the cause of general peace, amity, and concord, than the good feeling subsisting between the Englishmen on this side of the Atlantic and the descendants of Englishmen on the other. [Cheers.]

Some little clouds have overhung our horizon—I trust they will soon pass away. I am sure that the age we live in does not expect that England and America are to have controversies carried to the extreme upon any occasion not of the last importance to national interests and honor. [Cheers.]

We live in an age when nations, as well as individuals, are subject to a moral responsibility. [Cheers.] Neither government nor people—thank God for it—can now trifle with the general sense of the civilized world, [cheers,] and I am sure the civilized world would hold your country and my country to a very strict account, if, without very plain and apparent reason, deeply affecting the independence and great interests of the nations, any controversy between them should have other than an amicable issue. [Cheers.]

I well venture to say that each country has intelligence enough to understand all that belongs to its just rights, and is not deficient in means to maintain them, [cheers,] and if any controversy between England and America were to be pushed to the extreme of force, neither party would or could have any signal advantage over the other, except what it could find in the justness of its cause and the approbation of the world. [Loud cheers.]

With respect to the occasion which has called us together, I beg to repeat the gratification which I have felt in passing a day among such a company, and conclude with the most fervent expression of my wish for the prosperity and usefulness of the Agricultural Society of England. [Loud cheers.]

Salmagundi.

Col. Ethan Allen had a high opinion of himself and six brothers, and once observed that there never were seven such born of any woman. You are mistaken, said a Scotch officer, Mary Magdalen was delivered of *seven exactly like you.*

Eloquence.—A Mississippi paper gives the following pathetic commencement of a speech of one of their lawyers some years since, on the trial of a negro for the murder of another named Daniel, whom he buried on the hill side in such haste as to leave one of his feet uncovered, which led to the detection of the crime:—

"Gentlemen of the Jury, Daniel is no more! no more shall Daniel pluck the snowy cotton ball, or plough the straight furrow! No more shall he enliven the negro quarter on Saturday nights with the recital of coon hunts or sing 'jaw bone' at the corn shucking! No, gentlemen, he lies buried on the hill side, with one foot out and one foot pointing to the arched vault of heaven!"

An Obstinate Crittur.—Yesterday, as I was standing near the Quinipiac, I overheard the following amusing, edifying, and logical dialogue:

"Halloo, Ben, less go down here to our church and view de demolished ruins of de hurricanado"

"Oh no, I an't got no time."

"Wy an't you got no time?"

"Oh, cause I don't want to go."

"Wy don't you want to go?"

"Oh, cause I can't."

"Jus gib us reason wy you can't go."

"Oh, cause I shan't."

"Well, wy shan't you?"

"Oh, cause I won't."

"Ah, nigger! I see you've got de adwantage ob me in dat ere argiment; dere's no way ob gittin round you dis ere time—wah, wah, wah."

New Haven Herald.

Important to Farmers.—The following method of preventing the ravages of the wheat-fly has been laid before the Special Council of Lower Canada, and published by their order. It has been practiced for several years by a farmer of Plantagenet, U. C., with complete success:—

"He pulverized one pound of blue copperas (*vitrol blue,*) and dissolved it in a bucket of water; he put six minots of wheat in a tub and sprinkled it over with a broom, taking care to stir the wheat so that it might be well impregnated with the liquid, which was all absorbed by the wheat, and sowed it the third day after having thus begun to sprinkle it with the above solution, taking particular care to stir it often with a shovel. He sowed his wheat, thus prepared, on the 5th and 6th of May, and gathered it on the 16th and 17th of August. There were oats and mildew (*melle*) among the wheat, which did not spring up. The wheat, grew up fine and very clean. Mr. Couillard caused twelve sheaves to be thrashed separately and they produced two minots, though the ground was poor. The neighbours who had not thus prepared their seed suffered much by the fly.

Remedy for the bite of a Rattlesnake.—A respectable writer in the "Monthly Genesee Farmer," Mr. Solon Robinson of Ia., gives what he considers an infallible cure, if applied immediately, for the bite of Rattlesnakes, Copperheads, Mas-sa-sangers (small Prairie rattlers,) and Moccasins or any other venomous snakes. Jamestown Advocate.

Recipe—"If a person is bitten let him swallow half a wine glass full of sweet oil, and anoint the bite well, or soak a small bunch of cotton or lint in the oil, and bind it on the spot, and it will certainly cure it in a few hours."

Law of Copyright.—We extract the following from a capital Petition by Hood to the wisdom of Parliament on the subject of the law of Copyright:—

"That your petitioner hath two children, who look up to him not only as the author of the Comic Annual, but as the author of their being.—That the effect of the law as regards an author is virtually to disinherit his next-of-kin, and cut him off with a book instead of a shilling. That your Petitioner is very willing to write for Posterity on the lowest terms, and would not object to the long credit, but that when his heir shall apply for payment to Posterity, he will be referred back to Antiquity. That as a man's hairs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs; whereas, on the contrary, your Petitioner had ascertained, by a nice calculation, that one of his principal copyrights will expire on the same day that his only son should come of age. The very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for every body's posterity—except his own. Finally, whereas it has been urged "if an author writes for Posterity, let him look to posterity for his reward."—your Petitioner adopts that very argument, and on its very principle prays for the adoption of the bill introduced by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, seeing that by the present arrangement, Posterity is bound to pay everybody and anybody but the true creditor. And your Petitioner shall ever pray.

(Signed) THOMAS HOOD.

Wellerisms.—"A life in the woods for me," as the bird said ven it escaped from the cage. Picayune.

"I'd be a butterfly," if I could, as the catterpiller said ven he saw the beautiful insect hover about and brush the dew from a rose. Ib.

"Come o'er the moonlight sea," as the smuggler said to the Hollands. Tattler.

"'Twere vain to tell thee all I feel," as the loafer said ven he vos vipp'd at the cart's tail. Ib.

"My boyhood's home!" as the loafer said to the foundling Hospital. Ib.

"Thou art gone!" as the butt-ender said to his last sixpence. Ib.

"My sister-*deer!*" as the buck said to the doe, ven the hounds nabbed them both. Ib.

"Will you come to the *bower?*" as the boatswain said to the crew, ven about to weigh anchor. Ib.

"On the lake, where droops the willow," as the frog said to his *missus*, ven making an assignation with her. Ib.

"Oh, there's not in this wide world a *walley* so sweet!" as pretty Mary said to Samivel, ven they vos a shakin carpets together. Ib.

[We pride ourselves particularly on this one.] Ib.

"Thou, *rain'st* in this bosom!" as the vocalist said ven he vas serenading a thundercloud in the gutter. Ib.

"Ah! don't mingle!" as the gentleman said to the bar-keeper, ven he preferred his gin vithout veakening! Ib.

"Great cry, and little wool," as the d—l said when he shaved the pig! Ib.

"*Paws* for a reply!" as the pussy cat observed, when she scratched the dog for barking at her. Ib.

[Why, these things are "as easy as lying," when you get at them, friend Pic!] Ib.

John Jacob Astor and Peter Smith.—Fifty years ago, the spot where Utica now stands, was the end of the world, in this direction. In those days, John Jacob Astor, and Peter Smith, (father of Gerrit) travelled the ground from Schenectady to Utica on foot, purchasing furs at the Indian settlements on the route. The Indians aided them in carrying the furs back to Schenectady. Returned from their perilous adventure to "the Far West," they opened a little shop in New York city, and sold the skins at retail. When their stock was exhausted, they again penetrated the lonely forests of "the frontier," and replenished their store. Astor continued the business many years, but Smith commenced the purchase of land. Summers went and came, and wave after wave of emigration rolled up the long defile of the Mohawk. Mark the change. Two years since, Smith died at Schenectady, leaving millions of acres to his heirs. Astor still lives, one of the wealthiest untitled commoners in the world. Judge Smith lived to travel the route from Schenectady to Utica, in four hours. And to-day, when the sun's evening rays shall hide from the undimmed eye of John Jacob Astor behind the blue hills of Jersey, its vertical beams will be falling on the fur traders of our now Ultima Thule, the mouth of the Oregon. Bishop Berkeley never dreamed of such changes when he penned the line,

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

Correspondent of the N. Y. American.

Fancy Stocks in Wall Street.—State of Trade.—The Literary Gazette has the following humorous remarks in relation to some of the *fancy* stocks of this city.

Dealears in Hardware say they never found things as hard as now; that tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, spades not trumps, and more rakes in the market than inquired after; brass, is, however, in demand for politicians; brads are also in request, but holders cannot be got to fork them out. Nails won't go by pushing, and have to be driven.

The Timber trade is pining, and holders have to rest upon their oars to stave off the pressure.

There is no spirit in the Rum trade, and holders of Vinegar look sour; Champagne, however, is brisk.

Rhubarb and Senna are quite drugs, but there is a consumption of Brimstone for matches; many having lately been made.

Holders of Indigo look blue, but those deep red are not green enough to think that a symptom of the trade is dying.

Starch is stiffening, and Paper is stationary.

The Grocers have got along pretty gingerly, but some, having tasted spice at times, have become peppery.

There is no life in dead Hogs, but some animation in old Cheese.

Bills of Exchange are wanted; those which have crossed the Atlantic twice are inquired after.

A hungry Jew paying particular attention to a ham, when asked what he was saying to it, replied, "I was saying, thou almost persuadest me to be a christian."

Female Genius.—A young lady, upon whom intellect had not beamed with unmitigated effulgence, being in conversation with a literary beau, who was a great admirer of her *solid* charms, (she was heiress to a *plum,*) was asked by him, in an attempt to display his own acquirements:

"Are you fond of good writing?"

"Yes, sir; I like writing very much."

"Ah! do you ever write?"

"Oh yes, sir—often."

"Indeed! do you sip of the Castalian spring, or keep to the dull regions of prose?"

"Sir?"

"Do you prefer prose or poetry? Which do you write?"

"I writes *fine hand*, sir!" Tattler.

In France very handsome girls are sometimes employed, as bar-maids to entice customers. But one of the French provincial journals, giving a few details respecting the fair of Beaucaire, publishes the following order of the police: "No coffee-house keeper or lemonadier, either in the fair or in the town, will be permitted to expose, at the counter or otherwise, for the purpose of attracting visiters, any woman, except his own lawful wife, under a penalty of a heavy fine."

ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN.

There were some things about this personage too much out of the common course to allow of letting him go down to his grave without a volley. Our readers all know that the Admiral was a Bostonian. He loved to speak of the times when he was "a dirty-faced little rascal, licking molasses with the boys on Long wharf." This was before the Revolution. The veterans say that his family—which we have always heard was rather of humble condition than otherwise—resided in Province House Court.

Isaac was not destined, however, to be always licking molasses. There was a spirit in him which yearned for activity and adventure, and we find him in the British Navy at a very early date. In this service, no man more thoroughly earned that advancement and reputation which are both so hard to be earned. He went regularly and rigorously, we believe, through all the ordinary grades till he reached the *fourth* step from the summit of a list which is always long enough to discourage the hardiest aspirant. During this long service he must have lived over strange scenes. Indeed, we know very well that he did so, and can only regret that we hear nothing of a memoir appearing which should embody the spirit of these things. At one time, the Duke of Clarence was under him—as midship man, we believe. William got greatly attached to his commander too; who, though "rude in speech" sometimes, had yet, as the Indians say, a soft heart, and a large one. As Duke and King, the middy afterwards did all he could for Coffin's promotion, nor was he content to relinquish his society after coming to the throne. It is about three years since William, inviting him to dine, was informed by the Admiral, that the gout, his great enemy, had wholly disabled him: he was obliged to be trundled about in an easy-chair. "Well, then, come with your easy chair," was the royal sailor's response to his old comrade; and go with his easy chair he did. He had long before this, received a splendid medal on some occasion from his Sovereign's hand. This he carried with him on land and sea, and he had it when he was cast adrift on the Atlantic ten years ago or more, by the burning of the "*Boston.*" It was the only article then saved out of all his chattels, but his happiness was complete when it was held up to him on Captain Mackay's deck, while the helpless hero lay there flat on his back.

This we have from a spectator of the scene. Our neighbor Osgood, the artist, was on board the Boston. He describes the fire, (lightning in a cotton-ship) and the whole scene, as terrific. The sea ran mountains high, and it seemed doubtful if a boat could live, yet the Admiral never blenched. He was disabled, and his companions were very anxious to save him. Mr. O. says that as several were about to go below for that purpose, they encountered the veteran at the head of the cabin stairs. He, having heard of the danger, had ascended thus far, by the assistance of his servant, and with great and painful exertion. A mattrass was laid in the whale boat, which was on the quarter. On this he was placed, with his servant by his side, while a man was stationed at each tackle. He at the bows seemed well aware of the critical situation in which they were placed; but the man at the stern took out his knife, and when the wave rose to the boat, cut the tackle, so that when the latter rose again, the other end being fast, the boat was half filled with water, and the sailor at the stern thrown into the deep. By this time the bow-tackle was unhooked, the boat cleared from the side, and the old tar taken, half drowned, from the sea, to receive a pretty severe reprimand from the fearless man whom he had so unintentionally immersed in a cold bath.

Thus the scene went on till all were afloat, in boats, three hundred miles from land. One soon died of exhaustion. The rest were on allowance of a third of a biscuit and a gill of water a day. The Admiral not only shared all, but he alone kept up the life of the company, giving them every encouragement, and winding up occasionally with one of his best songs. "Oh! my lads," he roared out, at one time, "don't look so eagerly on *my* old carcass. Here's a young painter will make a much better meal!" Fortunately, this lasted but a night and day. The passengers got into this port not long after. The Admiral went to the Tremont again, just as if all was not lost. Moreover, he sat to the artist, and paid him double price. He also gave Captain Mackay, who rescued the company, a douceur of five hundred dollars and a splendid gold watch.

This is a long story, but it shows the whole man. He was a sailor of the old school. Smollet would have gloried in him, but he was too good for Smollet. With all his little eccentricities, and ill-disciplined as he was, there was a sound sense and sterling Yankee spirit at the bottom, which still kept him erect, and sent him ahead. Yet, to his shrewdness were added a gallantry and generosity that flinched from nothing. His impulses were noble and he yielded to them. He once commanded a ship when a man was knocked overboard in a gale; his comrades hesitated, but not Coffin; in five minutes he had the fellow on deck again, heels over head. "Ah, you blackguard," he cried, as he shook the water out of his trowsers, "*You've cost me a new hat!*" At another time, he had a fire, suddenly discovered below, which proved to be close to the magazine, and even the old sailors were so frightened that 60 of them swam ashore. The Admiral, however, led on the rest to the rescue, and the fire was with great exertions extinguished. As to liberality, his character is well-known. We see that he has lately been publicly thanked as a leading benefactor of the "Naval School." Everybody knows that the Coffin School, consisting wholly of persons of that family, has long been flourishing by his beneficence, at Nantucket, where there are said to be, at least 500 of the name. The old man loved America the best after all. There was nothing like Boston to him. Much more might be added to this gossip, but enough. We hope that some of the Admiral's cotemporaries, who are qualified, will let us hear from them. Meanwhile, as we said before, they'll excuse this "*volley.*" Boston Transcript.

LETTERS FROM LONDON, PARIS, PEKIN, PETERSBURGH, &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE," THE "MEMOIRS OF MAJOR GAHAGAN," &c.

No. I.—Describes a tremendous voyage by sea to Boulogne: much information regarding that colony—a journey in a Diligence, and other matters very profitable to read.

About twelve o'clock, just as the bell of the packet is tolling a farewell to London Bridge, and warning off the blackguard-boys with the newspapers, who have been shoving Times, Herald, Penny-Paul-Pry, Penny Satirist, Flare-up, and other abominations, into your face—just as the bell has tolled, and the Jews, strangers, people-taking-leave-of-their-families, and blackguard-boys aforesaid, are making a rush for the narrow plank which conducts from the paddle-box of the Emerald steam-boat unto the quay—you perceive staggering down Thames street those two hackney-coaches, for the arrival of which you have been praying, trembling, hoping, despairing, swearing, sw—— I beg your pardon, I believe the word is not used on your side of the Atlantic—and perspiring, for the last half hour. Yes, at last the two coaches draw near, and from thence an awful number of trunks, children, carpet-bags, nursery-maids, hat-boxes, band-boxes, bonnet-boxes, desks, cloaks, and an affectionate wife, are discharged on the quay.

"Elizabeth, take care of Miss Jane," screams that worthy woman, who has been for a fortnight employed in getting this tremendous body of troops and baggage into marching order. "Hicks! Hicks! for heaven's sake mind the babies!"—"George—Edward, sir, if you go near that porter with the trunk, he will tumble down and kill you, you naughty boy!—My love, *do* take the cloaks and umbrellas, and give a hand to Fanny and Lucy—and I wish you would speak to the hackney-coachmen, dear, they want fifteen shillings, and count the packages, love—twenty-seven packages, and bring little Flo—where's little Flo?—Flo! Flo!"—(Flo comes sneaking in; she has been speaking a few parting words to a one-eyed terrier, that sneaks off similarly, landward.)

As when the hawk menaces the hen-roost, in like manner, when such a danger as a voyage menaces a mother, she becomes suddenly endowed with a ferocious presence of mind, and bristling up and screaming in the front of her brood, and in the face of circumstances, succeeds, by her courage, in putting her enemy to flight. You will always, I think, find your wife (if that lady be good for twopence) shrill, eager, and ill-humoured, before and during a great family move of this nature. Well, the swindling hackney-coachmen are paid, the mother leading on her regiment of little ones, and supported by her auxiliary nurse-maids, are safe in the cabin;—you have counted twenty-six of the twenty-seven parcels, and have them on board, and the horrid man on the paddle-box, who, for twenty minutes past, has been roaring out, NOW SIR!—says, now sir, no more.

I never yet knew how a steamer began to move, being always too busy among the trunks and children, for the first half hour, to mark any of the movements of the vessel. When these private arrangements are made, you find yourself opposite Greenwich, (Farewell, sweet, sweet, whitebait!) and quiet begins to enter into your soul. Your wife (I don't speak of Lady Yellowplush, or Mrs. Gahagan, but of wives in general) smiles for the first time these ten days; you pass by plantations of ship-masts, and forests of steam-chimnies; the sailors are singing on board the ships, the barges salute you with oaths, grins, and phrases facetious and familiar, the man on the paddle-box roars 'ease her, stop her,' which mysterious words a shrill voice from below repeats, and pipes out, 'ease her, stop her,' in echo, the deck is crowded with groups of figures, and the sun shines over all.

The sun shines over all, and the steward comes up to say, "Lunch, ladies and gentlemen! will any lady or gentleman please to take anythink?" About a dozen do: boiled beef and pickles, and great red raw Cheshire cheese, tempt the epicure: little dumpy bottles of stout are produced, and fiz and bang about with a spirit one would never have looked for in individuals of their size and stature.

The decks have a strange look: the people on them, that is. Wives, elderly stout husbands, nurse-maids and children predominate of course, in English steam-boats. Such may be considered as the distinctive marks of the English gentleman at three and four and forty: two or three of such groups have pitched their camps on the deck. Then there are a number of young men, of whom three or four have allowed their moustaches to *begin* to grow since last Friday: for they are going "on the Continent," and they look therefore as if their upper-lips were smeared with snuff.

A *danseuse* from the opera is on her way to Paris.—Followed by her *bonne* and her little dog, she paces the deck stepping out in the real dancer fashion, and ogling all around. How happy the two young Englishmen are who can speak French and make up to her! and how all criticise her points and paces! Yonder is a group of young ladies who are going to Paris to learn how to be Governesses; those two splendidly dressed ladies are milliners from the Rue Richelieu, who have just brought over, and disposed of their cargo of Summer fashions Here sits the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass with his pupils, whom he is conducting to his establishment near Boulogne, where, in addition to a classical and mathematical education, (washing included) the young gentlemen have the benefit of learning French among *the French themselves*. Accordingly, the young gentlemen are locked up in a great ricketty house two miles from Boulogne, and never see a soul, except the French usher and the cook.

Some few French people are there already preparing to be ill—(I never shall forget a dreadful sight I once had in the little dark, dirty, six-foot cabin of a Dover steamer. Four gaunt Frenchmen, but for their pantaloons in the costume of Adam in Paradise, solemnly anointing themselves with some charm against sea-sickness!)—a few Frenchmen are there, but these for the most part, and with a proper philosophy, go to the fore-cabin of the ship, and you see them on the fore-deck (is that the name for that part of the vessel which is in the region of the bowsprit?) lowering in huge cloaks and caps, snuffy, wretched, pale and wet, and not jabbering now as their wont is on shore.—I never could fancy the Mounseers formidable at sea.

There are, of course, many Jews on board: who ever travelled by steam-boat, coach, diligence, eilwagen, vetturino mule-back, or sledge, without meeting some of the wandering race?

By the time these remarks have been made, the steward is on deck again and dinner is ready: and about two hours after dinner comes tea, and then there is brandy and water, which he eagerly presses as a preventive against what may happen; and about this time you pass the Foreland, the wind blowing pretty fresh; and the groups descending, and your wife giving you an alarmed look, descends with her little ones to the lady's cabin, and you see the steward and his boys issuing from their den under the paddle-box, with each a heap of round tin vases, like those which I believe you call in America *expectoratoons*, only these are larger.

* * * * * *

The wind blows, the water looks greener and more beautiful than ever—ridge by ridge of long white rock passes away. "That's Ramsgit," says the man at the helm; and presently "that there's Deal—it's dreadful fallen off since the war;" and "that's Dover round that there pint, only you can't see it;" and in the meantime the sun has plumped his hot face into the water, and the moon has shown hers as soon as ever his back is turned, and Mrs. Y. G. as the wife in general, has brought up her children and self from the horrid cabin, in which she says it is impossible to breathe; and the poor little wretches are by the officious stewardess, and smart steward (expectoratoonifer) accommodated with a heap of blankets, pillows, and matrasses, in the midst of which they crawl as best they may, and from the heaving heap of which, are, during the rest of the voyage, heard occasional faint cries and sounds of puking wo!

Dear, dear Maria! Is this the woman who anon braved the jeers and brutal wrath of swindling hackney coachmen; who repelled the insolence of haggling porters with a scorn that brought down their demands at least eighteen pence? Is this the woman at whose voice servants tremble, at the sound of whose steps the nursery, aye, and mayhap the parlor, is in order? Look at her now, prostrate, prostrate—no strength has she to speak, scarce power to push to her youngest one—her suffering, struggling Rosa,—to push to her the—the instrumentoon!

In the midst of all these throes and agonies, at which all the passengers (who have their own woes) you yourself, (for how can you help them, you are on your back on a bench, and if you move all is up with you;) are looking on indifferent—one man there is who has been watching you with the utmost care, and bestowing on your helpless family the tenderness that a father denies them. He is a foreigner, and you have been conversing with him in the course of the morning in French, which he says you speak remarkably well, like a native in fact, and then in English (which, after all, you find, is more convenient). What can express your gratitude to this gentleman for all his goodness towards your family and yourself—you talk to him, he has served under the Emperor, and is for all that, sensible, modest, and well-informed. He speaks indeed of his countrymen almost with contempt, and readily admits the superiority of a Briton on the seas and elsewhere. One loves to meet with such genuine liberality in a foreigner, and respects the man who can sacrifice vanity to truth. This distinguished foreigner has travelled much, he asks whither you are going, where you stop?—if you have a great quantity of luggage on board? and laughs when he hears of the twenty-seven packages, and hopes you have some friend at the Custom-house who can spare you the monstrous trouble of unpacking that which has taken you weeks to put up. Nine, ten, eleven, the distinguished foreigner is ever at your side, you find him now, perhaps, (with characteristic ingratitude) something of a bore, but at least he has been most tender to the children, and their mamma. At last a Boulogne light comes in sight (you see it over the bows of the vessel, when having bobbed violently upwards, it sinks swiftly down) Boulogne harbour is in sight, and the foreigner says,

—The distinguished foreigner says, says he—"Sare, eef you af no 'otel, I sall reccommend you, milor, to ze 'Otel Betfort, in ze Quay, sare, close to the Bathing machines and Custom-Ha-oose. Goot bets and fine garten, sare, table d'hôte, sare, a cinq heures, breakfast, sare, in French or English style, I am the commissionaire, sare, and vill see to your loggish."

* * Curse the fellow for an impudent, swindling, sneaking, French humbug!—Your tone instantly changes, and you tell him to go about his business: but at twelve o'clock at night, when the voyage is over, and the Custom-house business done, knowing not whither to go, with a wife and fourteen exhausted children, scarce able to stand, and longing for bed, you find yourself somehow in the Hotel Bedford; and smiling chambermaids carry off your children to snug beds; while smart waiters produce for your honour a cold fowl, soy, and a salad, and a bottle of Bordeaux and Seltzer water.

* * * * * *

The morning comes—I don't know a pleasanter feeling than that waking with the sun shining on objects quite new (and although you may have made the voyage a dozen times) quite strange: Mrs. X. and you occupy a very light bed, which has a tall canopy of red "*percale*," the windows are smartly draped with cheap gaudy calicoes and muslins, there are little mean strips of carpet about the tiled floor of the room, and yet all seems as gay and as comfortable as may be—the sun shines brighter than you have seen it for a year, the sky is a thousand times bluer, and what a cheery clatter of shrill quick French voices comes up from the Court Yard under the windows! Bells are jangling, a family mayhap is going to Paris, en poste, and wondrous is the jabber of the courier, the postillion, the Inn-waiters, and the lookers-on. The landlord calls out for "Quatre biftecks aut pommes, pour le Treute-trois," (O my countrymen, I love your tastes and your ways!)—the chamber-maid is laughing, and says, finissez donc, Monsieur Pierre! (what can they be about?)—a fat Englishman has opened his window violently, and says,

Dee dong, Garsong vooly voo me donny lo sho, ou vooly voo pah? He has been ringing for half an hour—the last energetic appeal succeeds, and shortly he is enabled to descend to the Coffee-Room, where with three hot rolls, grilled ham, cold fowl, and four boiled eggs, he makes what he calls his first *French* breakfast.

It is a strange, mongrel, merry place, this town of Boulogne; the little French fishermen's children are beautiful, and the little French soldiers, four feet high, red-breeched, with huge *pompons* on their caps, and brown faces, and clear sharp-eyes, look, for all their littleness, far more military and more intelligent than the heavy louts one has seen swaggering about the garrison towns in England. Yonder go a crowd of bare-legged fishermen; there is the town idiot, mocking a woman who is screaming "Fleure du Tage," at an Inn-window to a harp, and there are the little gamins mocking *him*. Lo! those seven young ladies with red hair and green veils, they are from neighbouring Albion, and going to bathe. Here comes three Englishmen, habitués evidently of the place,—dandy specimens of our countrymen—one has got a marine dress, another has a shooting dress, a third has a blouse and a pair of guiltless spurs—all have as much hair on the face as nature or art can supply, and all wear their hats very much on one side. Believe me, there is on the face of this world no scamp like an English one, no blackguard like one of these half-gentlemen, so mean, so low, so vulgar,—so ludicrously ignorant and conceited, so desperately heartless and depraved.

But why, my dear Sir, get into a passion?—Take things coolly. As the Poet has observed, "Those only is gentlemen who behave as sich," with such then, consort, be they cobblers or dukes.—Don't give "us Americans" a bad idea of your fellow countrymen, but rather continue in that good humoured, facetious, descriptive style with which your letter has commenced.—Your remark, Mr. Editor, is perfectly just, and does honour to your head and excellent heart.

There is little need to give a description of the good town of Boulogne; which haute and basse, with the new light-house and the new harbour, and the gas lamps, and the manufactures, and the convents, and the number of English and French residents, and the pillar erected in honour of the grand *Armée d'Angleterre*, so called because it *didn't* go to England, have all been excellently described by the facetious Coglan, the learned Dr. Millingar, and by innumerable guide books besides. A fine thing it is to hear the stout old Frenchmen of Napoleon's time, argue how that audacious Corsican *would* have marched to London, after swallowing Nelson and all his gun-boats, but for *cette malheurcuse guerre d'Espagne*, and *cette gloricuse campagne d'Autriche*, which the gold of Pitt caused to be raised up at the Emperor's tail in order to call him off from the helpless country in his front. Some Frenchmen go farther still, and vow that in Spain they were never beaten at all; indeed if you read in the "Biographe des hommes du Jour," article *Soult*, you will find that with the exception of the disaster at Vittoria, the campaigns in Spain and Portugal were a series of triumphs; only by looking at a map it is observable that Vimiera was a mortal long way from Toulouse, where, at the end of certain years of victories, we somehow find the honest Marshal. And what then?—he went to Toulouse for the purpose of beating the English there to be sure.—A known fact, on which comment would be superfluous. However, we shall never get to Paris at this rate; let us break off farther palaver, and away at once.

* * * * * *

(During this pause, the ingenious reader is kindly requested to pay his bill at the Hotel at Boulogne, to mount the Diligence of Laffitte, Caillard & Company, and to travel for twenty-five hours, amidst much jingling of harness-bells and screaming of postillions.)

* * * * * *

The French milliner who occupies one of the corners, begins to remove the little greasy pieces of paper which have enveloped her locks during the journey. She withdraws the Madras' of dubious hue which has bound her head for the last five-and-twenty hours, and replaces it by the black velvet bonnet, which bobbing against your nose, has hung from the Diligence roof since your departure from Boulogne. The old lady in the opposite corner, who has been sucking bonbons, and smells dreadfully of annisette, arranges her little parcels in that immense basket of abominations which all old women carry in their laps. She rubs her mouth and eyes with her dusty cambric handkerchief, she ties up her night-cap into a little bundle, and replaces it by a more becoming head-piece, covered with withered artificial flowers and crumpled tags of ribbon, she looks wistfully at the company for an instant, and then places her handkerchief before her mouth—her eyes roll strangely about for an instant, and you hear a faint clattering noise: the old lady has been getting ready her teeth which had lain in her basket among the bonbons, pins, oranges, pomatum, bits of cake, lozenges, prayer-books, peppermint-water, copper-money, and false hair, stowed away there during the voyage. The Jewish gentleman who has been so attentive to the milliner during the journey, and is a traveller and bag-man by profession, gathers together his various goods. The sallow-faced English lad who has been drunk ever since we left Boulogne yesterday, and is coming to Paris to pursue the study of medicine, swears that he rejoices to leave the cursed Diligence, is sick of the infernal journey, and d—d glad that the d—d voyage is so nearly over. "*Enfin!*" says your neighbour, yawning, and inserting an elbow in the mouth of his right and left hand companion, "*nous voila.*"

Nous Voila!—We are at Paris! This must account for the removal of the milliner's curl papers, and the fixing of the old lady's teeth.—Since the last *relai* the Diligence has been travelling with extraordinary speed. The postillion cracks his terrible whip and screams shrilly. The conductor blows incessantly on his horn, the bells of the harness, the bumping and ringing of the wheels and chains, and the clatter of the great hoofs of the heavy snorting Norman stallions, have wondrously increased within this, the last ten minutes, and the Diligence, which has been proceeding hitherto at the rate of a league in an hour, now dashes gallantly forward, as if it would traverse at least six miles in the same space of time. Thus it is, when Sir Robert maketh a speech at Saint Stephens—he useth his strength at the beginning only and the end. He gallopeth at the commencement, in the middle he lingers, at the close again he rouses the house, which has fallen asleep; he cracketh the whip of his satire, he shouts the shout of his patriotism, and urging his eloquence to its roughest canter, awakens the sleepers and inspires the weary until men say, what a wondrous orator! What a capital coach! We will ride henceforth in it and no other!

But behold us at Paris! The Diligence has reached a rude-looking gate or *grille*, flanked by two lodges; the French Kings of old made their entry by this gate, some of the hottest battles of the late revolution were fought before it. At present it is blocked by carts and peasants, and a busy crowd of men in green, examining the packages before they enter, probing the straw with long needles. It is the Barrier of St. Denis, and the green men are the Customs' men of the city of Paris: if you are a countryman, who would introduce a cow into the Metropolis, the city demands twenty-four francs for such a privilege: if you have a hundred weight of tallow candles, you must previously disburse three francs: if a drove of hogs, nine francs per whole hog: but upon these subjects Mr. Bulwer, Mrs. Trollope, and other writers have already enlightened the public. In the present instance, after a momentary pause, one of the men in green mounts by the side of the conductor, and the ponderous vehicle pursues it journey.

The street which we enter that of the Faubourg St. Denis presents a strange contrast to the dark uniformity of a London street, where every thing in the dingy and smoky atmosphere looks as though it were painted in India-ink—black houses, black passengers, and black sky. Here, on the contrary, is a thousand times more life and colors. Before you, shining in the sun, is a long glistening hue of *gutter*, not a very pleasing object in a city, but in a picture invaluable. On each side are houses of all dimensions and hues, some but of one story, some as high as the tower of Babel. From these the haberdashers (and this is their favorite street) flaunt long strips of gaudy calicoes, which give a strange air of rude gaiety to the looks. Milkwomen, with a little crowd of gossips round each, are at this early hour of morning, selling the chief material of the Parisian *café-au-lait*. Gay wine-shops, painted red, and smartly decorated with vines and gilded railings, are filled with workmen taking their morning's draught. That gloomy looking prison on your right is a prison for women; once it was a convent for Lazarists; a thousand unfortunate individuals of the softer sex now occupy that mansion; they bake, as we find in the guide books, the bread of all the other prisons; they mend and wash the shirts and stockings of all the other prisoners; they make hocks and eyes and phosphorous boxes, and they attend chapel every Sunday—if occupation can help them sure they have enough of it. Was it not a great stroke of the legislature to superintend the morals and linen at once, and thus keep these poor creatures continually mending?—but we have passed the prison long ago, and are at the Port St. Denis itself.

There is only time to take a hasty glance as we pass; it commemorates some of the wonderful feats of arms of Ludovicus Magnus; and abounds in ponderous allegories—nymphs and river-gods, and pyramids crowned with fleurs-de-lys; Louis passing over the Rhine in triumph, and the Dutch Lion giving up the ghost in the year of our Lord 1672. The Dutch Lion revived and overcame the man some years afterwards, but of this fact, singularly enough, the inscriptions make no mention. Passing, then, *round* the gate, and not under it, (after the general custom, and in respect of triumphal arches,) you cross the boulevard, which gives a glimpse of trees and sunshine, and gleaming white buildings, then dashing down the Rue de Bourbon Villeneuve, a dirty street, which seems interminable, and the Rue St. Eustache, the conductor gives a last blast on his horn, and the great vehicle clatters into the court-yard, where its journey is destined to conclude.

If there was a noise before of screaming postillions and cracked horns, it was nothing to the Babel-like clatter which greets us now. We are in a great court which Hajji Baba would call the father of Diligences—half a dozen other coaches arrive at the same minute; no light affairs like your English vehicles, but ponderous machines containing 15 passengers inside, more in the cabriolet, and vast towers of luggage on the roof—others are loading: the yard is filled with passengers coming or departing;—bustling porters, and screaming *commissionaires*. These latter seize you as you descend from your place, twenty cards are thrust into your hand, and as many voices jabbering with inconceivable swiftness, shriek into your ear, 'Dis way, Sare, are you for ze Otel of Rhin? *Hotel de l'Amiraute!*—Hotel Bristol, Sare!—*Monsieur, l'Hotel de Lille? Sacr-rrre nom de Dieulaissez passer ce petit, Monsieur!* Ow mosh loggish ave you, Sare?

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Here, as we are fairly arrived, and the paper is covered to the very last corner, this letter had better perhaps end. There would have been a good opportunity, too, for a little egotistical speech, and an address of thanks and compliments on this first appearance before an American public. But, tempting as the occasion is, it had better be passed over, for in sooth, O Editor of the Corsair! I believe that your public is too wise to care much for us poor devils, and our personal vanities and foolishness—only too good is it to receive, with some show of kindness, the works which we, from time to time, and urged by the lack of coin and pressure of butcher's-bills, are constrained to send abroad. What feelings we may have in finding good friends and listeners among strangers, far, far away—in receiving from beyond seas kind crumbs of comfort for our hungry vanities, which at home, find no better food—in gaining fresh courage and hope, for pursuing a calling of which the future is dreary, and the present but hard. All these things, O Corsair, had better be meditated by the author in private, than, as the fashion is now-a-days, poured over yards of paper, in fluent streams of ink. With which, farewell. I hear the dinner bell ringing, and lo! white aproned scullions bear smoking soups across the Court.

T. T.

Hotel Mirabeau, July 25, 1839. The Corsair.

LEGENDS OF THE LOCHS AND GLENS.—No. II.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ONLY DAUGHTER."

THE PHANTOM FUNERAL.

At the distance of seven miles from the scene which in a former legend we described, there is a winding passage through the hills, which leads to a very narrow and precipitous defile, called Glensbee, or Glensheich,—that is to say, the Valley of Spirits. The glen itself is formed by the bases of the mountains, which fall, many of them, in a sharp declivity, for several hundred feet, and is in its gorge filled with the waters of a small dark lake, over which no ray of sunshine has ever been known to shed a character of gladness. Along its farther margin there occur here and there nooks or corners of table-land. Narrow they are, and always of a grotesque formation; for the hills are peculiarly wild and sterile in their character, inasmuch as a shelving mass of *debris* is the only surface which many of them present, while others are composed entirely of broken and rugged rocks. Yet, although narrow, there was a time when one, and not the broadest, of these table-lands sustained a hearth, round which a poor but honest family were wont to assemble. The hut which contained that hearth was indeed of the very humblest order. It lay beneath the shelter of a precipice; and, save that its wicker chimney emitted at all seasons a delicate wreath of smoke, something more than a careless glance would have been required to convince you that such a thing was there. Moreover, round it, or near at hand, were such traces of man's industry as such a spot might alone be expected to exhibit. A patch of green was beside the cabin door, which, from the strong contrast it presented to the brown and stunted herbage near, you were at no loss to determine must be a potatoe field. A couple of goats, too, were tethered beside the threshold: while a few fowls, less than half-domesticated, scraped a scanty subsistence for themselves from among the roots of the heather. But in other respects sign there was none, that in this melancholy defile man had set up his rest; for the very roof of the cottage waved with long rank grass, and the blue-bell and wild thyme were abundantly mixed with it.

Wild as Glenshee is, however, and desolate and lonely, there are not wanting features here and there which effectually redeem it from the hazard of being condemned as utterly repulsive. A clear mountain stream comes tumbling down the hill, making the ear glad with its everlasting music, and falls into the lake, not till it has threaded its way for a long space amid overhanging rows of mountain-ash and the delicate alder. Over its banks, too, the sward grows rich and sweet as if the soil were fertilized by the course of the torrent; while here and there the intervention of a rock gathers the waters into a heap, that they may spring off again in a tiny cataract of the most pellucid beauty. But this is not all. The rivulet in question flows *westward*,—a circumstance not to be overlooked, as connected with the burthen of our history; for streams which take this course have a virtue peculiarly their own. When the shadows of the trees fall on them, or of the rocks, or even of the clouds above, they become scrolls in which the favored among men "may read strange matters;" and many a time and oft has this particular rivulet shown to the eyes which studied them events that were to come.

A good many years ago the hut of which I have spoken was inhabited by old Robin Ure, the shepherd of Glenshee, a thoughtful and somewhat contemplative man, who had arrived at one of the latter stages of human existence, through some enjoyment, and a good deal of suffering. Robin was one of those philosophers of nature's forming, who feel that perfect happiness is not to be expected upon earth, and who therefore school themselves to bear with patience, to look backward with resignation, and forward in hope. Robin was also a religious man in his own peculiar way; for, though he seldom went to church, from which, indeed, his occupation cut him off, he carried his Bible with him to the hill-side, and read it gratefully. And much need there was that Robin should find both there, and in the world of imagination which his native poetry created, some solace for the trials which the world of busy men brought him. He had a kind, cheerful, and industrious partner, to be sure, who used her best endeavors to render his home happy; but, woe is me! even the tenderness of a wife will not always suffice if it come alone. Out of the seven children, all of them daughters, whom God had given them, one only survived; and she, albeit the very apple of their eyes, was to her parents a source of unremitting anxiety. She was a fragile and a delicate thing, tender, and sensitive in her frame, which was but little adapted to struggle against the rude blasts of her native glen, and the privations to which at times she was subjected. Indeed Mary, or, as the wild and poetic dialect of the glen has it, Mari, was a living instance of that caprice of nature, which plants flowers in a glacier, and scatters rills through a desert waste. Yet hers was not a mere physical debility—that is to say, the feebleness of the frame had a deeper source than ordinary disease. The order of her destiny had entailed upon Mari a supernatural gift, which sapped the foundations of her life, and stript her of every source of interest and enjoyment belonging to her sex and to her nature. She was born to the inheritance of the second sight—that strange and most mysterious faculty, which may be traced no where except in the Highlands of Scotland; and the consequence was, that from her very cradle she had been an object of awe, I had almost said of terror, even to those who loved her with the tenderest affection. Accordingly the poor child grew almost to woman's estate without having even an ordinary acquaintance with any beyond her own narrow family circle; and, as Robin and his wife could not fail to fall in some degree under the shadow of their unhappy child's proscription, a stranger within the narrow vale of Glenshee—unless, indeed, it might be Murdoch, the shepherd of the opposite moun-

tain, who sometimes came with a bonnet full of blackberries, or a lamb's-skin for Mari's winter bed-quilt,—would have been almost as much an object of curiosity as Gulliver in Brobdignag, or the first ship to the South Sea Islanders. Yet, as matters stood within, the household of Glenshee was by no means an unhappy one, when the spirit of the lonely maiden rested from the trouble of its waters; for in the long nights of winter, when the wooden boards were drawn snugly over the window, and the logs of dried fir glowed and crackled on the hearth, the good wife turned her wheel cheerily, and Mari rested her chin upon her father's knee, and turned up to him the lustrous eyes which seemed to form quite the largest half of the pale face they lighted, to listen to the wonders of wild poesie which he drew from a Gaelic volume of Ossian,—the commonest study of such among the Highlanders as study at all. When summer came again, the wizard maiden loved well to carry to the mountain's brow afar off the broth or sowens which formed her father's simple meal, and to linger upon some bare peak which overhung the lake, till the sun went down in his glory, and the stars came forth in their gentleness. For it is one of the peculiarities of this strange malady, if malady it may be called, that the fit of inspiration neither comes when the seer may desire its coming, nor admits of control or repression. There is, and there has been, divination. The Pythoness of old, the astrologer of the middle ages, the fortune-teller of our own times, all have, or pretend to have, intercourse with unseen powers which they control; but the second-sight is peculiar to the Scottish Highlanders, and a heavy burthen it is upon those individuals on whom destiny may lay it.

Mari was standing on the threshold of her fifteenth year when my tale commences, though her weak frame and stinted proportions did not seem to claim, by several years, a period of life so far advanced towards maturity. If the healthful breeze of the mountains had blown upon her cheek with the invigorating influence which so often attends upon it, she would probably have been a beautiful specimen of her peculiar style of peasant loveliness; for her features were regular and open, and in the period of health, which she occasionally enjoyed, wore an expression of touching sweetness which spoke to the heart. She had a beseeching light in her deep grey eyes, which gave you an impression that there was some fervent and unuttered desire within which this world could not grant; and the melancholy languor of the other features, and the frequency with which her face was turned towards heaven, suggested the idea that her longing was to be at rest.

One clear, blue, biting evening at the end of October, that beautiful Scottish season when the varied covering of tree and mountain is yet stationary under the bright frosty atmosphere of winter, Murdoch, the shepherd, took his way up the margin of Lochshee with his plaid drawn round him, and his bonnet pulled over his eyes, in testimony of the sharpness of the air. The breeze came keenly over the mountain tops, and swept the atmosphere of every trace of cloud or haze; but without rippling the surface of the water, which lay, as usual, dark, clear, and motionless, as if under the spell of some viewless influence. The leaves of the mountain-ash were falling with that sad sighing motion, which seems to say that they are grieving to resign their bright and brief existence: but the hardier wych-elms yet retained their dark green foliage, and, though rare and straggling, they connected the bright blue sky and the delicate tint of the sunset with the departing season to which they seemed to belong.

Murdoch took less heed of the beauty of the evening than we have done, for he was pushing briskly forward, and appeared to view with some complacency the unusual breadth of the column of smoke which rose from the cottage chimney, as if betokening the additional warmth of the blaze within. The shepherd had rounded the last turn of the rocky footpath, which led him by a long sweep from the opposite margin of the lake, and had put his foot upon the nearest of the stepping-stones which were to take him dry-shod over the broad part of the stream, as it flowed over the level ground, when his eye caught the flutter of a plaid, and he looked hastily up the river to discover the owner of it, not doubting that Elspeth's hour of milking had arrived, and that she had wrapt herself up to follow its duties out of doors. The plaid, however, as his quick eye soon perceived, was suspended from a tree, and its folds prevented him from tracing any figure to whom it might belong, or which might have sheltered behind it. The thought glanced across him that Mari might have retreated to her favorite haunt, and he pushed his way through the brechans, with the intention of winning her home out of the chill autumn air to her mother's warm hearth; but when he drew aside the plaid, which hung like a screen from some hazels, he became like one transfixed at the vision which met him. The poor child stood like one spell-stricken, close by the verge of the streamlet, with her small fleshless feet touching the water, her hands pressed convulsively over her breast, and her eyes fixed with a wild and rigid stare upon the surface of the stream, while the masses of long black hair, which waved by the action of the wind back from her unearthly and colorless features, gave her, even in the eyes that were familiar with her wildest moods, an expression of frenzied excitement.

Murdoch hesitated for a moment, in doubt whether or not he could with safety arrest the young Pythoness in her mood of inspiration; but apprehension for the afflicted creature's bodily health prevailed, and he advanced slowly, yet with a warning noise to her side, and said softly,

"The burn side is ower chilly for you, Mari dear; come with me to your mother's fire. See how the chimney smokes: I warrant it is cozier by the nook this bitter even than standing there without plaid or brogues upon you. Come your ways, Mari."

And he advanced nearer and nearer, with always a deeper tone of entreaty. The maiden stretched out her hand without looking towards him, and drew her friendly visitant closer to the water's edge.

"Look you there, and see what your morning work will be. You are come to ask Robin Ure to hunt the fox on Craig Caillach—ay, ay; but Heaven sends me the power to keep him. And I would keep you, too; for you are one half o' my treasure of dust. There!—there!—Will you do as I have warned you, or will ye dree the weird that mun surely come!"

Murdoch looked eagerly into the water, but his gaze discovered nothing, except a dark spot upon its surface, caused by the shadow from one of the sharp cliffs as it deepened in the increasing twilight.

"Well, well, Mari dear," answered he at last, "there is nothing but the figure of the craig—there is surely nothing to frighten you in a rock near which you have lived all your life. And if I do wile your father to the fox-hunt the morn, he kens all the wild places in the corri ower well to make it a dangerous chase to him."

Mari made a movement of impatience, and exclaimed hastily, and as it seemed angrily,

"Ah! dull dark eye-balls—clogged with worldly wisdom—see you not that withered cluster of beechen leaves that floats upon the burn?—there is blood in its track, and it has lodged in the shadow of the Devil's Dyke. See!—see! it shivers and trembles, and the water gurgles under it. Blood—blood and brains!—God be with us, Murdoch!—one of ye will find his last chase on yon craig to-morrow. Come—come!"

The unfortunate young prophetess, overcome by the terrible frenzy of her vision, staggered backwards, and fell into the arms of the terrified and compassionate shepherd.

Murdoch's blood ran cold at the mysterious language of the excited creature before him. That he had sought the cottage of Glenshee for the express purpose of persuading Robin to join in the sport to which she had alluded was true; but it was equally certain that no living thing had as yet been apprised of that intention; and the information of Mari must have been conveyed by a channel such as Murdoch was far too genuine a Highlander to contemplate without a shudder. He carried his unconscious burthen to her home, and committed her to the mournful and anxious attendance of Elspeth, who found a ready solution to the riddle of Murdoch's scared and solemn looks in the situation of the poor little sufferer, whom he loved, as she well knew, like a sister, and whom he had but seldom before seen in the paroxysms of her disease. Robin was from home far over the mountain, and although the good wife was in hourly expectation of his return, yet Murdoch was not to be prevailed upon to wait for him, but avowed his intention of returning straight to his home, as the business which brought him to the glen was not of so pressing a nature as to demand his longer sojourn. He satisfied himself, accordingly, that the hour of Robin's return from a toilsome trudge over the hill would place his accidental attendance on the fox-chase out of the question; and having so secured the safety of the old man from the perils which threatened him, he availed himself of the good wife's proffered repast of cheese and bannocks, and once more retraced his steps down the side of the lake, forbearing, from motives which may be traced to the sensitiveness of the superstitious, to lighten the load that weighed him down with its mystery by imparting any portion of it to the maternal heart of Elspeth.

A fox-chase over the giant hills, cliffs, and crags of the Highlands is, no doubt, a piece of amusement that may prove somewhat startling to the ear of a southern sportsman; but when the hunt is described as performed on foot, and for the sole purpose of exterminating the creature, which the sheep-farmer finds so inimical to the interests of his fold, the practicability of the exploit may be admitted, though the perils attending it continue as before; for they who have had an opportunity of seeing the stout and fearless agility with which the young Highlander springs from crag to crag after his prey, or follows the hounds down the shelving sides of scaur and corri, will confess that the chamois is won through scarcely superior hazard. Accordingly, Mari's prediction of danger to the hunters on that rugged and most dangerous promontory of the mountain called the Devil's Dyke was by no means chimerical, as Murdoch with all his strength of limb and nerve, acknowledged; and he waited in considerable anxiety the reports of the chase throughout the early part of the morning that followed its occurrence. It was not long that his suspense continued; for before noontide a gilly from the other side of the hill came over to tell him that Angus Bane had slid from the uppermost pinnacle of the craig, and dashed his head to atoms among the rocks at the foot of the corri called the Devil's Stair, and to bid Murdoch to come over to his funeral on the day following.

A thoughtful and an awe-stricken man was Murdoch that evening, as he once more took his solitary way over the path that led him to Glenshee. His blood curdled in his veins as he considered the verification of Mari's prophecy, with the natural timidity which, even among the most steady believers in the supernatural, fails not to assail them on any immediate experience of its effects. He longed to be himself the first to communicate to the girl the fulfilment of her wild prediction, partly because he wished to judge of her faith in her own powers by her manner of receiving it, and partly because he was apprehensive of evil consequences, should she hear of the accident from a less heedful informant. His heart beat quickly as he passed the scene of his last night's adventure, and he asked himself if it were possible that a frame so feeble could struggle long with such fierce emotions as he had witnessed there; and, as the question arose, he involuntarily quickened his pace, as if in anxiety to learn the well-being of the unfortunate Mari. The shadows had deepened as he sped along, and before Murdoch had crossed the burn, its surface was dimmed by the descending night; but a bright spark glowed from the cottage window, and the wayfarer strode forward enlivened, and almost reassured, by the picture his fancy presented of the snug group, and the warm welcome which awaited him. His visions, however, were interrupted; for before he crossed the threshold the door was open, and a figure closely muffled, which he, nevertheless, recognized to be Mari, stepped out into the darkness. He drew aside for an instant to watch her motions, half afraid to cross the young prophetess for the second time by his presence, and yet determined, if possible, to prevent so dismal a triumph of her disease as that to which he had been witness on the previous night. He was concealed under the hazel bushes, but her garments touched him, and from within the folds of her plaid he heard a loud sob and a plaining sound, that convinced him she was weeping bitterly, and there was something in the natural and familiar evidence of such suffering which transformed the afflicted being before him from an object of dread and horror to one of sympathy and compassion.

"Is it you, Mari dear?" said he, in a gentle voice, and walking up to her from behind. "What's takin' you out at this time o' night, an' the sky sae dark, an' the wind sae snell as it is e'en now? Surely the beasts are a' closed in by this time; an' your mother could ha'e nae bit errand to tak' ye doon the loch side after gloaming. Come your ways hame again, dearie, and leave that silly moon to look frae behind the clouds at her ain white face in the water, an' ye shall see her some other night, when there is nae wind to drive the black curtain ower, an' to cut ye through as this does."

The girl turned round to him at once, and answered in a plaintive and sorrowful tone as she withdrew the screen from her face.

"Is it you, Murdoch? I am thankful to God for sending you to me. I would have had a cold walk over Ben Shee if you had not come."

"Ben Shee!" repeated the Shepherd. "Was it over Ben Shee that you were bound, Mari, and in search o' me? What can I do for you? Tell me that. I'se do it, whatever it may be," and he drew her towards him, and wrapped the sheltering plaid closer round her shivering frame, while she continued to weep piteously, and clung to his strong arm, as if in entreaty.

"Promise me one thing, Murdoch of Ben Shee—promise me," said she, in a paroxsm of anxiety—"promise, as you would on a dying bed, one thing that I shall ask you; for, if you refuse, it will bring me to the grave. Old Robin Ure, my father, the kindest of fathers, and the wisest and the best, he that would not break one of the least of the commands of God, nor teach others to disregard them, has refused me, and the sin shall be upon his head, and the suffering upon mine. Promise me that you will be less headstrong, Murdoch, and that you will add your words to mine, that we may move the old man from his purpose; promise that you will not attend the funeral of Angus Bane."

Murdoch gave the excited creature the promise she desired, and then stoop silent for a few moments, surprised and bewildered.

"Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch!" said Mari, in a voice of utter despair, "what shall we do to keep my father at home? Remember my words last night, and then ask if any childish whim is on my spirit now. You, Murdoch, you can testify to the truth of mine observance. You can say whether phantasies struggle with truth within my brain till it be crazed. Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch! tell you the old man, that if he go to the burial he will never return. Tell him that he will leave his child an orphan, and his wife a widow, and that his own old bones shall whiten where never a voice will wail his coronach, nor kindly hand be nigh to close his eyelids, or to streak his corpse; that no lyke wake will be held over him, nor grass grow green upon his heart. Oh, Murdoch! Murdoch! is it not an awful thing to die unblessed, and by our own wilful agency? to sleep with unhallowed things, and to leave those we love best without a prayer for them or ourselves?"

The poor girl stopped her gasping address, and her whole form seemed to heave with agitation. Murdoch soothed her for a while with promises of his utmost endeavors to move the resolution of her father, and she grew calmer under the hopes of success with which he strove to reassure her.

"An' what for should we no follow poor old Angus to his lang hame, Mari?" asked he at last. "Angus was one of your father's oldest friends on all Ben Shee; an' he must hae a gude reason for't before he agree to stay hame, an' let others mourn for him. Tell me, Mari dear, what are ye afraid for?"

Mari flung the plaid far back from her face and head, and turned her forehead up to the white moonshine, till Murdoch could see that the beam itself was not more wan and death-like. Her features were all at work with the spell of her malady; she waved her arms for him to follow, and then flitted past him to a small ridge, or knoll, on the margin of her favorite stream. When she had gained the summit, she stood with her back towards the waters, her face turned fully up to the sky, and her arms stretched out over the valley at her feet, the impersonation of an inspired priestess.

"See, see, they are coming," said she, in an eager and concentrated tone, and with her eyes fastened upon some object in the valley, which Murdoch fancied the dim night alone prevented him from tracing: "they are coming slowly—slowly—a bonny burial, an' six mourners at the bier: they are coming o'er the moor of Chrom Dhu, and their black shadows are following them like spirits. Stand aside, Murdoch; they will pass even now, and we may count the bearers, and see if Robin Ure be among them."

Murdoch stared wistfully at the spell-bound creature before him, and, as he scanned the deathly features and gleaming eyes, his heart swelled with a compassionate longing to arrest, even in its progress, the destroying influence that was upon her. He felt that it could be no visible shadow on which her gaze was fixed with such a fearful intensity, for the moor of Chrom Dhu was far away over the other side of the mountain. He took both her cold hands, and, chafing them gently with his own, spoke kindly to her in words of comfort and remonstrance.

"Yon's no Chrom Dhu, Mari dear; it's your ain bonnie Glen-shee, an' there's nae living shadows moving on it; it is but the waving of your ain black firs you are looking at, and the clouds that are scudding so mirkily over the moor. Let us go, Mari; ye will catch your very death in this dreary night."

"Trees and clouds!" said the maiden with a terrible laugh: "do they bury each other, and walk in such goodly ranks as these do? Kneel down, poor clay, and you shall see."

Murdoch almost unconsciously obeyed her, and she stood hanging over him, so as to bring their figures into the closest possible contact; then placing one hand upon her side, she made him look through the angle formed by her elbow, and speak not till his gaze was done. The prohibition was unnecessary. Murdoch drew his breath between his closed teeth, the blood stood still in his veins, his flesh moved, and his brain sickened with horror.

A funeral procession, in solemn and regular array, moved steadily along within a few paces of the spot where he stood. The pall, the bier, the coffin, and the mourning habiliments, all were as distinct and palpable as the commonest occurrences of life, and they gradually approached nearer and nearer with their slow and measured movement, and their noiseless tread, till the gazer felt his eye-strings crack as he measured the diminishing distance. On they came dark, dismal, and solemn—nearer, nearer, and nearer—on they came with a tread which was the more horrible because it gave back no sound. Murdoch felt the atmosphere of a crowd; felt their garments stir the air as they passed him; felt the burial-pall flap beside his very cheek, and his soul shuddered with horror. The faces of friends and kinsmen were among that company of wraiths, and, Murdoch felt the arm of Mari grasp his neck with a convulsive clutch as the last stragglers passed the spot. Another, and another lingered; one more—it was Robin Ure. A white mist fell upon the vision of Murdoch, and, with a scream of agony, he fell senseless upon the heather.

When Murdoch awoke from his trance he was alone. Mari had disappeared, the sky was pure and cloudless, and the full moon shed light and gladness over the valley. The shepherd arose, with a heavy sickness at his heart, and a bewilderment in his brain, that rendered his memory dim. He was gradually conscious of some deadly peril that hung over his old and valued friend; a peril which he had promised all his efforts to avert, and which rendered his presence in the cottage an immediate necessity.

The next moment he had turned his back upon the shealing, and was wending his way with enfeebled steps towards his home. "I have seen the future," was his reflection, "and is mine hand to change the decrees of Providence?" Human companionship at that moment would have shaken again the scarcely-established intellect, and he walked homeward. Sleep was not destined to visit the eyes of Murdoch during that, nor many succeeding nights of his existence, and the whole of the next day he walked about like one in a dream, with the horrible spell of his memory clinging to him like a fiend, and making the very sunshine black with its presence.

A dreadful mystery was before him; he knew not what evil it portended, but, to look upon the similitude of the living, he well knew, was to number them shortly with the dead, and he felt, as it were, instinctively that he had seen Robin for the last time. A feverish desire was upon him to make one in that company of wraiths; and, despite his solemn vow to Mari, the temptation rose strong and vivid to follow in the train of Angus's funeral, and witness, even at the cost of participating in, the danger that threatened it.

The burial would take place at early morning; and, as the church-yard lay far away, it was necessary that he should set out overnight, that he might join the procession in its march. He was resolved to go. The clouds of the previous night had fulfilled their omen, for a heavy fall of snow continued throughout the day, and, by the hour of starting, had rendered the mountain-path neither pleasant nor safe to traverse; but Murdoch was determined to share the peril of which he alone had received the warning, and by midnight he was prepared to start. The storm still raged, and the wind drifted the snow about in wreaths, till the density of the atmosphere became appalling; yet the spell-stricken shepherd did not waver in his purpose. He folded his plaid about him, and quenched his solitary fire, and was about to extinguish the lamp before he went forth, when a low knocking at the door, and a feeble and continued moan, sent the blood to his heart, and the tremor to his limbs, which a less mysterious incident might have lent them in the present fever of his imagination.

After a few moments of hesitation, however, the knocking was repeated, and Murdoch advanced to the door, wondering if any human applicant could indeed seek shelter on such a night. The gust blew out the lamp as he slowly undid the fastening of the door, and looked abroad upon the tempest. A dim object lay half across the threshold, and he moved it with his hand before he could be convinced that thence issued the piteous moaning which met his ear. A very slight exertion was sufficient to place the creature—by whatever denomination it went—upon its feet, and Murdoch turned it to the half-open door, that the vague light of the sky might give him the means, which the darkened cottage withheld, of identifying it.

"God pity you, you poor shorn lamb! is it you?" exclaimed the stout Highlander, in a faltering voice, as the wasted lineaments of Mari became visible from the folds of the plaid; "is it you, or is't your wraith that has breasted the wind and the storm for nae purpose but to scare the little sense ye left me, clean awa'?"

"Murdoch! Murdoch!" answered the poor maiden in a spent and feeble tone that sounded itself like the wail of the tempest, "come your ways; it was indeed the spirit that brought this wretched body over the mountain in life.—Blessings on you, Murdoch, for expecting me; the plaid and the brogues will not be to seek. Come quickly, Murdoch. My strength failed me, or I should have been earlier. Come—come! they are near the Chrom by this time," and she pulled the corner of his plaid, and turned once more towards the door.

"An' where is it ye would lead me now, Mari?" said the shepherd. "Ye are no able for a longer walk the night. Sit down an' rest ye, Mari dear, and take off that snowy plaid, and I'll kindle up the logs again: and here's new milk in the corner that I brought in, little thinking *ye* would need it, and you'll soon be warm and strong again; and by morning dawn we'll set off to Glenshee.—Your poor mother will be half-crazed when she misses you." And he strove earnestly to lead her mind from the subject of her continued ramble, but it was all in vain; she stamped her foot upon the ground impatiently. "Warmed and fed," said she indignantly, "when I might be looking my last upon those who will never be warmed or fed again! Man! I tell you to come with me, if you would not rue it to the last moment of your life," and she turned from him again with a gesture of command.

"Whither then, Mari," said the shepherd submissively, "whither am I to follow you? You cannot reach Chrom Dhu, were you as strong as I am, before morning, unless you climb the south shoulder of the Devil's Dyke; and, when ye are even on the top o' the crag, it takes a stronger limb and a firmer foot than yours to make its way down the other side."

"There is no need, Murdoch," answered the unfortunate in her former tone of helplessness. "We can but look upon the work of doom were we beside it,—that may as well be done from the crag itself."

The storm was somewhat abated when they set forth, and, though the snow still fell heavily, there was no impenetrable mist of moving wreaths to make their progress one of danger as well as of difficulty. Murdoch was hurried along by his frail conductress with an activity that seemed the effect of some supernatural gift. She made her way through the drifted snow with a speed which taxed even his own powers; and glided up the toilsome ascent which led to the Devil's Dyke so quickly and easily, that Murdoch felt his blood run chill with the remembrance that she was not gifted like himself. At length the summit of the crag was gained, and Mari stood fearlessly on its ridge, and looked over into the wild hollow of Chrom Dhu.

The Chrom was a lonely moor, or rather a peat-hagg, leafless and trackless, that yawned in one long stripe of savage sterility at the foot of the precipice.—In the middle of the waste lay a small sheet of moss-water, unfathomably deep, but generally discernable from all points, stagnant and motionless as it was, from the pitchy colour of its surface, which was esteemed a sufficient warrant for the safety of the cattle, that might otherwise have been tempted to its margin. The wild singularity of the Chrom was this night completely veiled by the pure covering of snow that lay deep and spotless upon its bosom. Even the black pool had been previously frozen up, and retained, in consequence, its share of the universal shroud. The dull white light of the sky, and the uniformity of the earth, made every object, even at the foot of the crag, distinctly visible; and Murdoch stood motionless, gazing downwards, expecting each moment that he numbered, to see the funeral procession of Angus Bane enter the Chrom on its progress to the churchyard.

The snow had ceased, and the dawn was far advanced, leaving the whole sweep of the valley at their command; and before Murdoch had recovered breath from the steep ascent of the crag, the foremost of the train of mourners appeared in view. They came in one large group, closely gathered about the bier, and followed by one or two straggling lingerers, exactly as Murdoch remembered their arrangement in his vision of the night. On they went,—their black figures clearly traced upon the white ground, and each one casting a long shadow, that loomed far over the earth, with a strange and frightful appearance in the solitude. On they came; and Mari's breath came in suffocating gasps, and she tossed her arms wildly to the sky. Murdoch watched them with an eagerness that bound every sense into one long gaze. On they came, slowly and steadily,—on and on, till they had reached the middle of the moor. Murdoch's heart quailed and sickened within him, and Mari laughed in her agony with a cry of madness.

"God be merciful! The pool! the pool!" shouted Murdoch, till his broad chest heaved and strained with the effort.

It was in vain; the doomed train had missed their way on that trackless desert, and all were in the centre of the lake before the treacherous ice gave way. It was the work of an instant. One crackling sound reached even to the ears of the watchers,—one fell plunge, and the bier and the mourners, the dead and the doomed, were engulfed for ever. Murdoch caught Mari in his arms, as in her frenzy she would have leapt from the crag at the moment of their immersion, and, flinging her over his shoulder like a three years child, he took his sorrowful way to the desolate cottage of Glenshee.

The afflicted creature moaned and sobbed for a while in his arms, as if the fury of her paroxysm were subsiding, and as each gasp came feebler and feebler, Murdoch pleased himself with the thought that her terrible exertions were repaid by sleep. At last the sounds of her mourning ceased entirely; her head hung heavier and heavier on his neck, and Murdoch reached the shealing like one who walks in a dream. Mari was dead; and Murdoch gave to poor Elspeth the body of her child, and the news of her widowhood, at the same moment.

Murdoch's experience of second sight was not fatal. He is still alive, and

A better and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Bentley's Miscellany for Aug.

Death of a Horse.—M. Jules Janin, the celebrated *Feuilletoniste*, thus pathetically describes an accident which took place some evenings ago at the Cirque Olympique:—

The inauguration of the summer circus was last night most cruelly disturbed. Eight horses were galloping under one man (Paul Cuzent); the horse inside thrust his fore leg between the legs of the horse outside; the poor animal fell, got up again, his leg broken, and Paul Cuzent continuing his leaps. Then took place the most mournful drama I have witnessed at any theatre—and many have I witnessed. The poor limping horse, mortally wounded, alas! himself broke loose, leaving the other horses to run! He came upon his remaining three legs to the middle of the circus, close to Franconi, his skilful master; and as Franconi, who was wholly occupied in restoring order, paid but little attention to the wounded horse, the latter softly dropped his head upon his master's shoulder, looking at him with a moist eye, and showing his broken leg! At this sight Franconi wept, and so did many others. The poor horse was killed to prevent his suffering. Believe me, I have seen all the Kings, all the Queens, all the heroes of the worldevdie upon the stage—from old Œdipus down to Napoleon Bonaparte,—but n er was my heart moved so much as by the death of this horse."

Omeletta a la Tomate.—Peel a quart of ripe tomatoes—chop and put them down to simmer for about twenty minutes, with as much water as will cover them; chop a few onions very fine, and throw them in with crumbled bread and a lump of fresh butter—and when nearly done, beat up four eggs, and stir them in for a few minutes, and serve the omelet up.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J.—We are requested to state that the sweepstake which is now open to come off over the Eagle Course, will close on the 2d of September instead of the 1st, as was advertised, in consequence of the month's commencing on Sunday.

We learn that there will be a handsome number of subscribers to this stake. A list of the nominations will be published in our next paper.

Trustee.—It will be seen that this fine imported horse whose colts have excited so much attention in this quarter, is to be exhibited at Norfolk, Virginia, during the ensuing races.

The Queen.—We regret to hear that this superb imported filly, the daughter of Priam and Delphine, met with an accident about a fortnight since, having been "halter cast." She was thrown out of training a few days, in consequence, but is now going well.

Attention is invited to the advertisement of the ensuing races over the Union and Beacon Courses.

A great number of interesting sporting communications reached us yesterday, which we are unable to insert in to-day's paper, the room being previously occupied.

A new course has been established near Frankfort, Ky., to be styled the *Capitol Course*. It is an association upon the plan of the Lexington Jockey Club. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Club:—Hon. J. J. Crittenden, President; C. S. Morehead, Esq., 1st Vice President; O. Brown, Esq., 2d, C. Samuel, Esq., 3d, and O. G. Cates, Esq., 4th Vice Presidents; A. W. Lockwood, Esq., Treasurer; and H. F. Blanten, Esq., Secretary.

Maj. Benj. Luckett, of Frankfort, Ky., claims the name of *Oliver*, for his b. c. by Birmingham, dam by Jackson (by Sumpter).

W. B. Ochiltree, Esq., of Gaston, Ala., claims the name of *Yantla* (Anglice, "*Fast Running*,") for a colt dropped about the first of April, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Ellen Douglas, by Sir Henry Tonson (own brother to Mons. T.), out of Lady Burton. He is a dark brown, with white hind feet, and very large and promising.

Durham Bulls.—A friend of ours has two very superior Durham Bulls that he is willing to dispose of at fair prices. One of them (*Majestic*), selected by Mr. Whittaker without regard to cost, and imported to order, was 4 yrs. old in March last. His pedigree will be found in the 3d vol. of the English Herd Book, page 126, number 2249. This is by far the finest bull we ever saw, and his stock are remarkably bloodlike and promising. The other bull, *Marion*, was calved on the 4th Feb. last; his pedigree may be traced in the same volume of the Herd Book, page 685, he being by Majestic, out of Vapour, by Argyle, out of *Volage*. The pedigree of Argyle may be found at page 10, number 1653. The cattle may be seen at a short distance from town.

Extract from a letter dated Nashville (Tenn.), Aug. 13, 1839.

The Nashville first Fall meeting will commence on the 19th September next, the second meeting the first Tuesday in October. The Clarksville, Tenn., Fall races on Monday, the 14th October.

Thos. Watson arrived here last week, with the Messrs. Wells & Jackson's string, containing several young things. Skinner, with Ragland & Davis's lot, including upwards of twelve, will be here this week. There are several other stables already on the ground.

There is no truth in the report that is going the round of the papers, of Mr. Botts having sold *Gohanna* for $15,000. Mr. Botts has leased him for a term of years, and he will make a stand next year either at Manchester, or the vicinity of Fayette, Missouri.

Rolla, a distinguished son of Gohanna, made a season here last year, and his colts are remarkably fine.

L. J. Polk, Esq., has sold his imported mare *Trinket*, by Godolphin, to Wm. K. Polk, Esq., of Columbia, Tenn., for $2000. Since the sale she has dropped a sorrel chesnut colt, by The Colonel, for which he claims the name of *John Blevins*.

Maj. John Blevins, of Huntsville, Ala., has sold *one half* of his fine stallion *Wild Bill*, by Sir Archy, out of Maria, by Gallatin, to Messrs. Carter & Gillman, of Tenn., for $5000.

Mr. Henry Smith, of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., has sold to Mr. Long K. Ames, of Columbus, Miss., his colt *Allen Brown*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, for $5000.

SALE OE COL. BUFORD'S STOCK.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 17, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The following blood stock of Col. Wm. Buford's was sold by auction on Wednesday last, the 14th inst., at Tree Hill, his residence, in Woodford County, Ky., viz.:

Hamilton, ch. c. 4 yr. old, by Medoc, out of Margaret by Sumpter—purchased by John Wallace, price	$ 315
Ch. c. *Powell*, by Medoc, dam by Virginian, grandam by Tayloe's Peacemaker, 3 yr. old—Chas. Buford	925
B. c. *Titus*, by Medoc, out of Grecian Princess by Whip, 3 yr. old—P. Gatewood	600
Ch. f. *Polly Tompkins*, by Medoc, dam by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, 3 yr. old—G. W. Johnson	270
Ch. f. *Cub*, by Medoc, out of Ann Merry, by Sumpter, 3 yr. old—Geo. Blackburn & Co.	3000
Ch. f. *Red Sow*, by Medoc, dam by Archie Montorio, 3 yr. old—Saml. Coleman	200
Ch. m. by Dungannon, dam by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, 6 yr. old, and her produce, ch. colt by Medoc, and stinted to Cripple—Joel Richmond	230
B. m. by Hamiltonian, 9 yr. old, and her produce, viz.: 1. 1836, May 9, Gr. c. by Abdalrahman—2. 1838, May 1, Ch. f. by Medoc—3. 1839, May 11. Ch. c. by Medoc, and stinted to Rodolph—G. C. Gaines	260
Gr. m. descendant of Pacolet, and her produce, viz.:—1. 1838, April 13, Gr. c. by Medoc, and June, 1839, gr. c. by Cripple, and stinted to Cripple—Mr. Read	128

A CARD.

At the earnest solicitations of my most influential friends, and with an heart felt wish to gratify the numerous applications of the sporting community generally, and all others interested in blooded horses, the compiler has consented, in a short time, to prepare the 2d vol. of "The American Race Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald, and General Stud Book," for the press, and hopes that an enlightened and liberal public will forward his wishes, by affording him that patronage he most humbly trusts his labors will unequivocally deserve; for without their aid alone, the matter he has at present in his possession, and which has been obtained at a vast expense of money, labor, and time, and which it is impossible for any others to procure any more, it being entirely out of their reach, he will, for want of pecuniary resources, be reluctantly compelled to abandon the pursuit for ever. Under these circumstances, he most humbly trusts this last appeal which he now makes to the public at large, may be attended to without delay. That all persons will forward him the pedigrees of all their blooded stock throughout the United States, in order that their names may be enrolled on the different classes in said book, to which they, according to their pedigrees, may more properly belong—addressed free from postage *only* to this post office, as after this attempt he will make no further application to them upon this subject—he therefore trusts it will be crowned with the desired success; for by aiding him in his laudable endeavors to promote their interest, they at once promote their own.

Lynesville, N. C., Aug. 23, 1839. Patrick Nisbett Edgar.

N. B. It is useless to write unless free from postage.

TROTTING MEETING IN BOSTON.

A very brilliant meeting commenced on the 20th instant, on the Cambridge Trotting Course, near Boston, and was kept up for three successive days with the utmost spirit. We are indebted to one of the Judges for a full report, and regret that an error as to the date of the meeting, should have prevented our personal attendance. The course each day was numerously and most respectably attended, and everything passed off with eclat, without the occurrence of the slightest circumstance calculated to disturb the harmony of the assemblage.

The ball was opened with a Match, for $500 a side, Mile heats, between Mr. Walton's *Independence*, and Mr. Brownell's *Young Buckskin*. The former, a chesnut gelding 5 yrs. old, had Reuben Titus on his back, while George Edwards threw his leg over the latter, a bay gelding, 7 yrs. old. Buckskin was rother the favorite, being known; Independence laid so low in the tall grass there was very little betting. Kendall's bugle called up the horses at about half past four, and soon after the signal was given, and they got off.

The Race.—Independence made play from the word "go," and won the heat cleverly, in 2:54½. In the 2d heat, old Buckskin began "putting in the long licks" from the score; George kept him at his work, and he won in sporting style in 2:51½, Independence coming out a little groggy, and so much distressed, many of his friends thought he could not go another mile. Harry Jones was now asked to bunch the ribbons for him, but declined, saying "it's no use," but being persuaded to give the colt "another flutter" for the money, he at length concluded to cross the pig skin. They got off together; Independence struck out well and soon took the lead, which he kept until just after passing the 2d turn, when Buckskin challenged, outfooted him, and finally won handily in 2:58. After the heat Independence perspired freely, and "blowed it out strong;" still Harry rather declined mounting again, though he was at length persuaded to get up. The heavy sweat relieved the colt a heap, and on starting for the 4th heat, his action was greatly improved. He led off in good style, cutting out pretty severe work for the Buckskin; the latter, however, tried it on all the way up the third quarter stretch, and as he collared the colt he broke; George pulled him on to his feet in a moment, and "Monsieur Tonson come agin!" but the colt outstrided him, and beat him by about three lengths, in 2:55. Harry now thought the stakes were safe; the colt recovered well, while Buckskin appeared sore, and when mounted to start he was still wet over the loin, and to an experienced eye showed an evident want of condition. For the 5th heat, Independence took the lead, and maintained it from end to end, Buckskin breaking up whenever "shoved" at him. The 5th heat was performed in 3:01.

Immediately after came off a second Match, for $200 a side, Mile heats in harness, between Mr. Parson's *Pescara*, driven by Harry Jones, and Mr. Seward's *Pizarro*, with George Edwards on the box. The former was the favorite at 100 to 75—very few takers.

The Race.—Pizarro had the track, but soon after they got off Pescara went in front, and was never headed, though several rattling brushes ensued. After making the 4th turn swinging into the quarter stretch in front, Pizarro rallied and lapped; when within three lengths of the score, the spectators cheered, which broke up both horses, it being "their first appearance" in public. Pescara became frightened, attempted to bolt, and fairly ran over the score, while Pizarro could not catch his trot until after he passed it; time, 2:55. The Judges very properly pronounced it a dead heat—(synonymous with no heat.)

The 2d heat was a very tight fit, both doing their best; Pizarro probably lost the heat by breaking close to the score on coming in; time, 2:56. The 3d heat was "ditto repeated," Pescara doing the thing up werry brown. Ten days previous Pizarro could not trot a mile under 3:10.

Recapitulation:—

TUESDAY, Aug. 20, 1839—Match, $500 a side, P.P., weight 145lbs. each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

O. Walton's ch. g. *Independence*, 5 yrs	*Reuben Titus* and *H. Jones*	1	2	2	1 1
Mr. Brownell's b. g. *Young Buckskin*, 7 yrs	*George Edwards*	2	1	1	2 2

Time, 2:54½—2:51½—2:58—2 55—3:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $200 a side; weights as before. Mile heats in harness.

Henry Jones' (Mr. Parsons') b. g. *Pescara*, 6 yrs	*H. Jones*	0	1	1
George Edwards' (J. Sewards') br. g. *Pizarro*, 5 yrs	*G. Edwards*	0	2	2

Time, 2:55—2:56—2:59.

Second day.—A Sweepstakes of three subscribers at $25 each, with $50 added, Mile heats in harness, brought to the post Independence, Pizarro and Pescara, the latter 6 yrs, other two 5 yrs. old.

The Race.—They got off with a good stroke, Independence taking the lead from the start, and keeping it to the finish; he won in 2:54. After five false starts ("N. G." said the Judge—"you don't come it over this 'son of York'") they went away "square as a brick." Pizarro led off the dance, and kept the lead for about half a mile, when George Young brought up Independence, and a very spirited brush commenced; for several hundred yards the contest was very doubtful. Within 100 yards of home Pizarro broke up and the thing was out, for though he recovered his action again almost instantly, a throatlatch lost could not be recovered. The heat, won by Independence, was trotted in 2:52.

Just after passing over the score, Independence stumbled and fell across the track; seeing his horse going, George Young sprung out by putting one foot on his rump and jumping clear of him. Pizarro was so close up that he could not avoid going over the horse and sulkey that was down; he fell, and Edwards made a narrow escape by jumping out, and fortunately alighting on his feet. He soon had his horse by the head, and got clear of the melee. The only harm done was the loss of a little hair off the knees of Independence, and the shafts and back bar of Young's sulky.

Immediately after came off a race at Two mile heats, in harness, for a purse of $50, which brought Turkey, Quaker, and Young Buckskin to the post. The betting was "even up" on Turkey before starting. He and Quaker made all the running, Buckskin making rather a bad show; he was withdrawn after the heat. Turkey did the 1st mile in 2:55½, and the 2d in 2:47½. In the 2d heat Turkey appeared sore and stiff; he broke several times, and "couldn't cotch his lick, no how." Quaker won handily, doing the first mile in 2:56, and the 2d in 2:53. The Quakers now put on the pot at 100 to 75, and then at 2 to 1. It was nearly dark when they started for the 3d heat; they got off together, and went neck and neck the whole distance, the Quakers laying out their change at 100 to 25—100 to 15, and so on, until 50 to 5 was current. Within half a dozen lengths of home, however, the Quaker broke, and made "Shaking Quakers" of his backers, in losing the heat by exactly a head!

Recapitulation:—

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21 - Sweepstakes for all ages; Three subscribers at $25 each, and $50 added; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

George Young's (O. Walton's) ch. g. *Independence*, 5 yrs	*Geo. Young*	1	1	
Geo. Edwards' (J. Seward's) br. g. *Pizarro*, 5 yrs	*Geo. Edwards*	2	2	
Henry Jones' (Mr. Parson's) b. g. *Pescara*, 6 yrs	*H. Jones*	3	3	

Time, 2:54—2:52.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $50, free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats in harness.

Henry Jones' (O. Walton's) gr. g. *Turkey*, aged	*H. Jones*	1	2	1
Geo. Edwards' (Mr. 's) b. g. *Quaker*, 6 yrs		2	1	2
Mr. Brownell's b. g. *Young Buckskin*, 7 yrs		3	dr	

Time, 5:43—5:49—5:53.

But we must not conclude the record of Wednesday's sport without making mention of a Match against Time, that came off after dark, in which a gentleman of 180 lbs. weight staked $100 he could draw a sulkey, with a man in it, around the track in Thirteen minutes. The rider—a Baltimorean—weighed 127 lbs. The match was won handily, the gentleman doing the match in Ten minutes forty-two seconds. We shall look out how we bet against any "old salt" of a sea captain after this; why, we would have bet he could not have run round the track in ten minutes—*after dinner!* When you make another match, Captain, let *us* into a good thing!

Third Day.—The purse for Mile heats, in harness, best 3 in 5, brought to the post *Mountain Sylph* (not the New York mare,) *Martha Gibbs*, and *Victoria*.

The Race.—Martha Gibbs went away with the lead, Victoria breaking up several times; the other two were lapped on the 3d turn, and soon after Martha passed; George Edwards called on his mare near home, when she "came to taw," and won cleverly, in 2:57. In the 2d heat Martha broke, as well as the Sylph, on the 1st quarter; Victoria won with ease in 2:54. In the 3d heat after passing the 2d turn together, Martha challenged for and took the lead, winning by half a length in 2:56, Victoria having once broke up. In the 4th heat Sylph took the lead to the 3d turn, where Martha passed; soon after Sylph "came again," and won in sporting style in 2:55. In the 5th heat Sylph again took the lead, and though Martha put her up to pretty much all she could do for half a mile, she contrived to win by three or four lengths, in 2:52, after an exceedingly well contested race.

Recapitulation:—

THURSDAY, Aug. 22—Purse $100, entrance $25 each, added; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

George Edwards' br. m. *Mountain Sylph*	*Geo. Edwards*	1	2	2	1	1
George Young's gr. m. *Victoria*		3	1	3	3	2
Henry Jones' m. *Martha Gibbs*		2	3	1	2	3

Time, 2:57—2:54—2:56—2:55—2:52.

Our correspondent states in conclusion, that he has never attended a better meeting; on all three days the sport was capital. Much better time would have been made, had not the track just been faced with clay; in a short time the ground will become settled and seasoned, so to speak. The horses had been but a very short time in training, as no other course for exercise or trials was to be had. On the whole, we think the Cambridge Trotting Course likely to prove not only very popular with the public at large, but to produce second editions of Dutchman and Edwin Forrest.

The meeting was to have concluded with a Pacing Match between *Brandy* and *Lady Richmond*. The former being lame, paid forfeit. As it was a play or pay match, the bets on those conditions, of course follow the stakes.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington City, Aug. 26th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—I have for some time past been anxious to see published in your "Spirit" some *Reminiscences of Southern Racing* from the year 1800 to 1823. There are at least two gentlemen in this vicinity who could furnish you a series of numbers upon that subject that would make your very heart leap with joy. If you were to give a pretty strong call upon Mr. Lufborough I think he would begin the good work, forthwith. My own recollections of our Turf run back only to the year 1809. I was then a small boy, living in Bladensburg and attending school. In October of that year, while playing on the very spot where the battle of 1814 began, I saw a small wagon with a white cover coming down the road, and immediately behind it were two race horses in their clothes. They were the first racing animals I had ever seen. What nags do you suppose they were? Why, *Hickory* and *Hampton!* they were on their way from Annapolis to Washington, to meet the great *Post Boy*. I followed them to the stable, where they tarried a few hours to rub and feed. Hickory was a beautiful bay not very unlike *Encerro*, who was upon your course a few seasons ago, Hampton a pure white. A few days afterwards, I had but a glimpse of poor Post Boy as he passed through the village with a few other horses; I am not even positive that it was he, though it is very probable. You know the result of that contest. Post Boy's remains still repose under our Judges' Stand.

The Fall of 1810 found me here, and I attended the four mile day, a mere shaver. The entries were *Hampton*, *Duroc* (Eclipse's sire), *Sour Crout*, and some others. Hampton won in two heats. I was particularly pleased with the running of Duroc, his stride being the most easy and *graceful* of any horse I have ever seen run. From the description I have seen of *Cock of the Rock*, he must have strangely resembled him in size and figure. In 1811 who and what ran I have now no certain recollection, but in 1812, the year in which war was declared, the four mile contest was between Gen. Ridgeley's *Tuckahoe*, and Mr. Lufborough's *Columbia*; won by the former. It is my impression that the previous meeting (1811) brought together Hampton, Tuckahoe, Duroc, and others—won by Hampton. Of this, however, I am not certain. The four mile day of 1813 assembled a bay filly of Col. John Taylor's (*Lady Lightfoot*), *Defiance*, *Tuckahoe*, and I believe *Duroc*. The first heat was a straight one, and taken with perfect ease by the bay filly, she being heavily backed by her owner and others for that heat. The filly was then drawn. Defiance won the 2d and 3d heats, both of which were well contested by Duroc, who had the best wishes of nearly every man upon the field. Duroc never won a race upon our course, though a more popular horse I never saw. I think he had then been purchased of Mr. Moseley of Virginia, by Mr. Badger, the owner of Hickory. Defiance was the largest race horse I ever saw, being of more ample form and stouter limbs than *Boston*. He was a bay, and had, to my eye, much the appearance of a gay well kept dray horse.

It was, however, left for 1814 to afford the most signal racing event which belongs to the history of the Washington Turf. The entries *Gentle Kitty*, *Noli-me-tangere*, *Columbia*, and a chesnut mare from New Jersey, and a fine light bay horse owned by a gentleman I think of the name of Stockton. First heat taken in a tugging strain by Gentle Kitty, 2d by the Jersey filly, in which heat the bay horse slipped his shoulder in the third mile and was got off the course with great difficulty. He fell very near the spot where Post Boy gave way five years before. For the 3d heat the four mares started in splendid style, Columbia taking the lead, and striding along as if undetermined whether to make 25 or 27 feet at each jump. She ran much in the way of *Cippus*, though not with so great an appearance of ease. It was not till the 3d heat that she seemed to be waked up at all, when she bounded off as if she had just then been put in the contest. In closing the fourth mile of that heat, Gentle Kitty stopped suddenly near the distance stand, nicked and died as if she had been hit by lightning. The fourth heat was taken with ease by Columbia.

From the date of this contest our racing began to wane. Few people and fewer horses attending year after year, till 1822, when no meeting was to have been had at all. It happened, however, in October of that year that Mr. Harrison of Virginia, became particularly pleased with *Sir Charles'* performances, and more than all with his victory over the *Golden Sir William*; he got warm and challenged Mr. Vanranst with *Sir Charles* against *Eclipse* to run a four mile march upon our course. That challenge was accepted, and in a few weeks the forfeits were deposited in the U. S. Bank, and both horses were upon the course here taking their exercise in the presence of hundreds of spectators.

That match produced the greatest excitement in this whole community, and was talked of daily in all circles—pious people "going their death" against racing in all its forms. The 20th November, 1822, came at last, and by way of adding to the interest of the scene, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, and J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, took the field. Mr. Adams was on foot, and looked at the horses as if he really had been a judge of their points. Some uneasiness was kept up by a report that Sir Charles had injured a tendon and could not start—that report had been spreading for some days previous to the race. When I started I found a jam all the way to the course, and when I arrived it seemed as if the whole world had preceded me. Soon afterwards both horses came upon the track, when a simultaneous rush was made by the assembled thousands to get a near view of them. Eclipse excited the liveliest sort of admiration. Nothing could have exceeded his condition; he was attended by well dressed grooms and rubbers, with Purdy walking immediately behind him, ready dressed and spurred for the race. Eclipse wore a splendid suit of orange-colored cloth, richly figured. Not so with Sir Charles. He seemed to be dead poor and drooped along as if he had been trained out of his entire strength. He was covered with a ragged hood and dirty blanket, and led along by any kind of a negro in point of filth and rags. Both horses stripped for the race, and when called for by the Judges, the backers of Sir Charles said they *paid forfeit*. Sir Charles was dressed again, but Eclipse was walked partly around the track with Purdy upon his back, to afford spectators a view of him. The crowd began to complain of their disappointment, when it was proposed to run Sir Charles *one* heat of four miles for $1,500, which being accepted, the horses were soon off amid the acclamations of excited thousands of ladies and gentlemen. Eclipse got the track and led about two lengths. Upon the beginning of the 2d mile, Purdy began to put the whip upon Eclipse in a style peculiar to himself. Sir Charles was held strong by the negro upon his back, and bounded on as if a slight looseness of the reins would have put him ahead like a bullet—so they went, Eclipse all out as straight as a quill, and Charles doubled up like a half moon. Upon the last quarter of mile one

of his fore legs snapped like a pipe-stem, which nearly threw him such a somerset as you have sometimes seen in the circus. So ended the race.

About the year 1807, I am told by a friend, there was, also, a most splendid four mile day in Fredericksburg, which was won in some four or five heats by Colonel Tayloe. You know a gentleman who would give you all the particulars of that affair in truly classic style, if you will just give him one of your best sort of winks.

Some of your well-informed correspondents will I hope correct any errors into which I may have fallen in this letter.

What is doing upon Long Island—who has stables, and what are in them—have you organised a new Club? If so, what are to be the purses, and who the proprietors? If I have not already stirred you up with too many questions, please tell us who is to train *Decatur* this season, also, *Atalanta*? Is *Hornblower* sold? if not, can mortal man tell why his owner refused $8000 for him. Unto what shall we liken the people of this generation!

I want you to print *Portsmouth's* "pictur" in the "Spirit." He can beat any horse in the United States in a four mile match; he can do it in two straight heats. That is *my* opinion, and it is seconded by one of the best trainers known in these parts. It is all a joke about his being a mere two miler, and some of your folks will take a bad cold yet while napping under that delusion. Success to Portsmouth and the "Spirit!" That's my sentiment. And you may put the "Register" in, also. I wanted to ask you another question, but I have not room. ☞

P.S. Hope Butler has up a lot of seven untried ones; among them is Mr. Lufborough's Diamond filly, which was so much admired by your agent, Mr. DeGrasse.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

After expressing our acknowledgments to our unknown correspondent, (from whom we should be gratified to hear more frequently,) we at once subscribe to his suggestions relative to "Reminiscences of Southern Racing from 1800 to 1823," and beg to assure the gentlemen alluded to that it would give the highest gratification to the Sporting World if they would undertake to furnish the exceedingly interesting and valuable information in their possession. The pages of the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times" contain the most flattering evidences of their ability to do justice to the subject, and the readers of each work are indebted to them for light thrown upon the races of the olden time.

In answer to our correspondent's queries contained in the last two paragraphs of his letter, we reply first, that very little is doing on Long Island; "who has stables, and what are in them?" is a question we could readily answer, but we have no idea of expressing our weakness just at this moment "I beg you wouldn't mention it." As we have not room to-day to answer our correspondent as we should like, we postpone the matter to another week.

Decatur is still in LAIRD's stable, and in training. *Atalanta* is at Capt. BRANCH's stable, near the Union Course, but he does not train anything this Fall, we believe. Hornblower is not sold; the reason our old friend VAN MATER refused $8000 for him was because he could get more; the owner of "The Blowinghorn of Jersey" is a heap smarter than most folks, but $8000 *was* a good offer. Portsmouth's "picter" may possibly be trotted out next season; just wait until we see his owners, and in the meantime remember *Decatur's* "decline and fall," after your prediction in the Spring of 1838. Portsmouth can possibly beat *him* "into fits," but it is too much to say he can beat any horse in the United States; it is but a few weeks since he "begged off" in a match against *Monarch*, four mile heats. Notwithstanding *The Queen* met with an accident the other day (noticed elsewhere), if she comes to the post, or *Boston* either, against Portsmouth at Newmarket, we shall be happy to "go you" a bound volume of the "Spirit" and the "Register" against a subscription to the latter, that "The Black Ram" don't paddle off with the $7000. He is a superb colt, though, and can go a distance probably, though his sister never could. The most interesting match that could be made up just now, at four mile heats, would be one between the "Black Ram" and the "Blowing Horn." Why don't some of the proprietors in this region start the thing!

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM "N." AT THE SPRINGS.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, Va., August 23d, 1839.

My dear P.—On the night before last I reached this truly beautiful spot, and although agreeing with Col. CULP when he said that "the ancients were great at painting and sculpturing, but the *conventions* of moderns were wonderful," I did not dream of finding such a change—wealth, beauty, and contentment are here—politics are buried, and gaiety is the order of the day. Every State in the Union is represented by some gifted son and brilliant daughter. Fortune-hunters, rusty bachelors, belles just entering on the stage of life, and old maids just ready to go off of it, are all on the *qui vive*.

The Ball-room is a splendid galaxy of beauty, and the bright eyes that nightly beam there would win a hermit from his cell. And best of all, those vile specimens of human nature, in the shape of exquisites, are rare here—one however haunts me—he is known by the tasteful appellation of Dog Dandy; he is bound to leave, the first time his *bill* is presented.

I was told a most amusing anecdote to-day, and give it to you. It is this—a servant, who has figured here for several years, the acknowledged Count D'Orsay of the *colored crile*, was well nigh having his honors snatched from him by a new comer, who was the beau Brummel of the parts he had "*come outen.*" The ladies were divided, some clinging with fond devotion to the old, others to the new beau; at length there was a ball—the fling for supremacy was to be made—each party deeply interested in the fate of its leader. Miss Sarah Ann, a flaming belle, and leaning sharply towards the *Count*, opened with "Kurnel Jones, you dont pear to been have any cream in your coffee."—"No, tank you, Miss Sarah Ann, the floribility of de cream take off de octangularity of de coffee, and render it cording to my spicions, quite obskoff."—The D'Orsay party were in ecstacies—they thought themselves safe, and the triumph of their leader certain—but beau Brummel raised in his stirrups—brought a cough or two to draw the attention of the company, and thus eloquently broke forth—"the incipiency of some folks done rave such a state of nater, that it is almost enpossible for a gentleman to semprone '—the effect was thrilling—Brummel gained the day, and D'Orsay sloped off sorter gradually like, to win glory in another quarter.

On yesterday we had a fine deer drive; the kindness of Col. HAMPTON enabled both my friend Col. RECTOR and myself to join the party. I rode a most beautiful pony, sired by Sir Charles, and out of a thorough bred mare; he belongs to Master FRANK HAMPTON, a most interesting youth, who has already given evidence that in manhood he will have all those splendid qualities which make his father the idol of his friends. The company consisted of Cols. HAMPTON and SINGLETON, of South Carolina, with Messrs. PRIDE and ANCRAM, of the same state—the Editor of the Globe (who, by the by, is a keen sportsman,) represented the District of Columbia—Doctor CALWELL and his brother JAMES, the old Dominion—while Col. WHARTON RECTOR, of the U. S. Army, and myself, stood up for the honor of the Arkansas.

Messrs. James Calwell and Pride took all the hounds but two, and went ahead; Col. H. kept those with him; Col. Rector occupied the lowest stand, next to him was Mr. Ancram, then Col. Singleton, then the editor of the Globe, next to him your humble servant, above whom were Col. Hampton and Doctor Calwell. The Colonel let loose his dogs, and in a few moments they opened; it was not long before they bounced a doe, who in passing Col. H received her quietus. The Colonel secured her and started his dogs again; they soon raised something, and went off like wild-fire. By some means they got over to the opposite side of the mountain, and must have been some two hours before they returned. In the meantime I should have tired out, for the musquitoes, as Squire Gilfillan said of the Indians, were "damn bad," had not some gentleman, an amateur sportsman, I presume, very politely visited my stand. He chatted awhile, smoked a cigar, became tired, and went off. *'Tis true had he remained there would have been no chance for a shot. Yet it was kind, exceedingly kind in him.*

At length my patience was well nigh exhausted, when the short and keen cry of *Ione* fell upon my ear. A few moments, and a noble buck sprung out; he was running low and making rapid tracks for tall timber,—quick as thought I let fly with my right hand barrel—it did not check his head-way; I cut loose with the left; he seemed to tumble over, and I thought I had him. I was mistaken; he raised his white flag, and it seemed "streaming in the wind" as he dashed towards the opposite hill, leaving me a tolerable fair specimen of a "sent for and couldn't go" chap. After a little, I heard a single discharge, and then all became quiet, sufficient evidence that death had been dealt out. It proved so, and Col. Rector had stopped this proud monarch of the woods, just as he was making the last pass. This was most gratifying to me, for although, on examination, I had missed him with both barrels, yet the *Arks.* had triumphed. My gun had been charged some days before, and only had *twenty* buck shot in each barrel. She cracked like a six pounder.

There was one other buck killed, but by a man who was hunting on his own hook, and was not one of us. To-morrow we hunt again; I will redeem my character, or burst a shot gun. I will write again, so excuse my hasty scrawl, and believe me Truly yours, N.

THINGS IN QUEBEC.

A Dog-dayish sort of Epistle.

WORTHY FRIEND PORTER,—We may well, just now, in this part of the world echo the pie-man's cry of "all hot here." Verily, it is roasting weather, and so much so that you can scarce dare to write with a patent "Perryan," unless your digits are cased in buff. By mine halidome! these are times to try men's brains, if not well thatched with either felt or palmetto. And then to hear the variety of changes rung upon the expression of opinion in regard to the comparative extent of the heat—from the shaded and darkened *boudoir* of some languid and reclining beauty, in the fashionable neighborhood of the Esplanade—the cigar-puffing "sub" on his barrack-room bedstead, or from the hard bench of his guard-room piazza—the weary watering-pot-in hand shopman—the sweltered sentinel, in the burning glare of some rampart bastion—down through the continued and similar ramification of person and pursuit, to the keeper of the man-o'-war boat at the Queen's Wharf landing, who, with his hair nearly frizzled off under his little straw hat, sideling tries to scull within a bit of the shadow flung from the angle of the lofty pier. From these you have, "Oh! dear, Ma, how oppressively warm I feel it." "How infernally hot it is getting, Peters; try to get me some ice-water from the Hospital well." "Hot, do you say!—aye, look at our butter-firkins, turned into oil-tubs; 'tis hot as—(I spare your ears polite)—"hot as blazes, by G—d," raps out the bear-skin helmeted guardsman, as he edges round the outside of his sentry-box for a cool spot of shade, if but to poke his furry head into for a moment—and, "it's so bloody, thundering hot, Sir," gruffly replies the Jack in the stern-sheets to the pert shrill query of a miniken dandy Mid on the wharf above, who has come down to look after his chaps, with a paper of confectionary stuff in his tiny yellow kidded fist.

Not to drop the subject in too great a hurry, just as one might drop a hot potato, for instance, what do you say to a fragment of comfort, concocted in this broiling season out of a water-butt, the suction-hose of a well-sized garden engine, and a wash-tub? I will show you how the aforesaid raw materials are worked up. You have the water hogshead snugly placed in some retired shady spot, (seclusion is rather a particular essential, inasmuch as you enjoy your *otium cum dig.* in this especial instance, *inpuris naturalibus,*) and coil down the leather hose handsomely, as the sailors say, within it to a proper height for a seat, you forthwith peel to the upper cuticle, take a running jump stern foremost (a very singular and pleasing feat if safely and skilfully performed), clear the chime carefully, and come down in a squatting posture on the snake-like pile of hose inside. Your slavey immediately fills the puncheon up to your neck with fresh, cool, spring water; and there you are fixed as delightfully as you can wish, with your head only to be seen, like a pond-frog reconnoitering his locality. You must have the screw butt-piece of the hose overhanging the edge of the cask, and well charged with a pound of prime canister, or oronookoo. This being well lighted, and the metal nozzle pipe of the other end gently planted between your teeth, (and no bad substitute, by the way, for an amber mouthpiece, *a la Turque,*) you may puff away to your heart's content; and tell me, in candor, where may you find a more ingenious construction of a kaleeoon (I have nearly forgotten my Persic lingo) water-pipe, or hubble-bubble, and on so magnificently sizable a scale? I must not forget to add that the wash-tub is designed to be filled with lemonade, with a slight squeeze from a case-bottle of prime cogniac just to flavor it, and this is to be placed on a table by your side, with a nice, clean bale-bucket, or small hand-pump, as either fancy or convenience may suggest, to enable you fully to cherish the "precious weed," and amply lubricate your parched and husky œsophagus.

Well, dear W. P, to change the subject, (as the body-snatcher said to the Southern doctor, when he handed him a black dog in a bag instead of the nigger baby)—well, I say, as I should have said before, that some little preparation is making for our *Races*, which are to take place in the earlier part of September. The purses, considering all things, will be pretty good, and the cattle to contend for them, it is supposed, will be "a cut above the common"—in fact, a few prime horses are expected, who will, no doubt, shave the daisies as clean off the soft sward of our "plains" as their owners will the "bits of rags" out of the soft ones, (and there are a few on 'em here) who fancy themselves so cursedly wide awake that they either will not, or cannot, shut their eyes when they should, and so get confoundedly dust-blinded. Buckskins and silk-jackets will soon have to be furbished up; and there are not a few, just now, who begin to think of living on "taties and gravy" to bring themselves into riding trim. The manufactories of ginger pop are going it briskly on every side—gingerbread bakers are not to be spoken to with a hailing trumpet, they are so busy—and, in fact, from the bustle and briskness displayed in these minor departments of preparation, one may judge that our "two days" in September will come off creditably and well. The "lads of the oar" are also getting into training for a *Regatta* display, to follow the races; and it is to be hoped and expected that the new hands will be able to give over "catching crabs" in another week or two, and know a starboard oar at first sight from a dog-whistle. All this in fun, however, for we have many fine fellows in our boat clubs here—chaps who know their work well, and are both willing and able to do it after the proper fashion.

Apropos of the races. Some curious and rather funny people would have liked much to get up, at the close of the last day, as a pleasant and pretty *divertissement*, a few of the elegant amusements to be usually found at an English country fair, such as a greased pig-hunt, grinning through a gridiron for a laced hat or *bonnet rouge*, smock races, &c.; but I fear our race stewards and city fashionables, from their peculiar and fastidious ideas in these affairs, would not take very kindly to these things. More's the pity, all matters considered; for it is said a dozen young squaws from Indian Lorette, all brisk and bouncing, like so many red deer, would have gladly entered themselves for the ribbon decked chemise. The loss of the pig-hunt, I fear, also will be seriously regretted by the more refined and public-spirited of the lazzaroni of Champlain-street and John Suburbs; as the excitement of the race, and the certain consequent finale of a stick and stone "scrimmage," would tend much to clear up and comfort the many poor souls who have long ("the devil's luck to the new police!") been getting "blue moulded for the want of a bating," like the little Irish fighting tailor.

No theatres open, no balls, no museums—nothing to cheer up and gaily enlighten even speciously for a few fleeting hours, the gloom-shadowed nooks of one's heart. All dull, stupid, and prosing, as the devil might (poetically!) be supposed to become if long chained by the hinder hoof to the bellows of a church organ. By the bye, let me correct myself, and make the *amende* by excepting to the above assertion one solitary concert, given by that clever *artiste*, Mrs. BAYLEY, during a travelling visit to our city. I am happy to say (for she is a very charming lady) that a most friendly feeling was displayed towards her here; and in despite of the unfavorable season, so many families and persons being resident in the country for the summer months, she was patronized substantially and well. I think she had one of the best and most splendidly filled concert rooms I have remembered for many years in the place. Really, it was a sight to look upon, when one's eyes could venture to stray from the lovely forms and lovelier faces of the better and gentler sex, to see such a crowd of fine looking young men in their rich and diversified uniforms, and, of course, not least in display among them, the golden-belted officers of the Royal Guards of England. Mrs. B. was also liberally patronized in Montreal, and altogether, left both cities much a favorite.

Changement d'apropos.—I can tell you of a strange adventure in the sporting line, which lately happened in the whereabouts of our good city. Who has not heard of our celebrated and beautiful Lake St. Charles! If they have not, then "let not the fault be mine," for I have shot round and about it—fished in and over it—skated across and along it—swam through and dived under its waters—painted and pencilled it—and prosed, and rhymed, maddened and raved—in moments of sobered seriousness as well as when the wine was in, and the "pocket-pistol" well cleaned out. Well, suppose all this in a parenthesis.—A day or two ago a party of ladies and gentlemen (I believe two of each with a young boy, the son and heir of one of the latter) were disporting over the blue bosom of the aforesaid beautiful lake, in a kind of catamaran or double canoe, the usual craft of the place, which was lazily urged to and fro by the paddles of a couple of lazier Canadian boatmen, as the party, more through whim than serious purpose, affected to believe they were really trout fishing! As such pretty pastimes generally progress with all city folks, who occasionally "go a pleasuring" in summer holidays, so matters kept pace with the gleesome wishes of all concerned, and all things went "merry as a marriage bell." The sandwiches were particularly nice, cold sausage and French beans ditto, wine capital, and so cool, too, after an hour's drag at the stern through the clear water; the black bottle, to a curious fancy, as it followed, cork foremost, in the wake, seeming like a strange fashioned tadpole or pollywog on its travels; the lemonade was found to be particularly good, and, singular enough to remark, it was discovered by sheer accident, to the inexpressible delight of all present (of course I do not say the ladies were particularly elated at the discovery), that the slightest "circumstance" of brandy dropt into the aforesaid lemonade, after the manner of a mere tincture, converted it into superlative punch. As may reasonably be judged, the gentlemen were highly pleased at the result of this notable chemical combination of fluids, and producing their segar-cases, they fried up, and smoked, and and sipped, and looked—and looked and smoked (with the ladies' permission), and smoked and sipped again. The ladies' parasols were hoisted, and they joined in gay converse with their companions, snatches of songs were sweetly warbled, pleasant and harmless jests were past about, as friends will jest in the strength of mutual esteem and good-nature—the little boy munched his cakes and nuts, and dropt his crumbs and almond-shells to feed or frighten the minnow shoals alongside. All was pleasure and enjoyment, when an exclamation and an oath from one of the boatmen startled them, and forcibly directed their attention to an object in the lake at some distance.

This object was the black head, and at times the shoulders, of some large animal, swimming, as it seemed, leisurely across the lake. After a few minutes' pause and contemplation, it was conjectured to be a young moose, and an immediate chase was decided upon. Four paddles, willingly and vigorously applied, quickly brought them alongside of the strange craft, which, singular enough, they still deemed to be of the moose species. They were soon rather disagreeably undeceived, however; for the youngster, all agog with the fun of the thing and being on the alert for action with tiny paddle in hand, was the first to commit a breach of the peace by a rap across the animal's sconce, and which, on the provocation, turned instanter to meet this unceremonious wager of battle by a fearful display of grinders, and fangs, and huge white claws, as he sprang with a roar about a third of his length upward out of the water. "*Un ours—un ours,*" was the half-frantic exclamation of the Canadian boatmen, as a few half stifled screams from the gentler gender, and a general edging towards the farther side of the catamaran for a moment destroyed its trim, and occasioned a little "botherment." All this was soon quieted, however, by the nerve of one of the party, who had never budged from his seat of office in dipping the "stroke paddle," a true blue little Englishman, of the right game breed, and who possibly had never seen a bear in his life before, except behind the bars of a show caravan; for, after one keen, decided glance at the terrible display of teeth and paws before him, he sung out, "True enough, by —!—a bear, and no mistake. Now keep all quiet, and don't fear—I'll manage him for you. So here goes." And jumping up and well planting and balancing his hold, rap after rap came down, strong and thick, upon master Bruin's pate, well sent home from a stout heart, strong arm, and sound, heavy oaken paddle. In as few words as possible let this eventful combat and victory be detailed to you. Not to dwell on the roaring of the bear, the cheering of the brave, and, I believe, only combatant in the canoe, an occasional scream from the ladies, who, on the whole, however, behaved with creditable courage and firmness—how the infuriated animal more than once strove to "board in the smoke," with his fast clenching paws and huge jaws distended, nay, even repeatedly tried to claw out the little boy, who all along fought like a young Nelson, hitting the ursine enemy wherever and whenever he could. Your readers, Mr. P., may imagine the splashing and smashing of paddle blades, hitting the bear's sconce one moment, and one's own or neighbor's shins the next, the thumping, poking, pushing, hitting out right and left work till all was over, and the vanquished foe, with a horrific grin ere he sank beneath the wave, died—as he had lived—like a rascally, cow-killing, and little children-eating, scoundrel of a bear.

The fight did not last particularly long, for the first two or three blows, given fully and powerfully by the brave little Bristol man (who stuck to his work, with a very trifling aid from his male companions, till all was handsomely finished), partially stunned the bear, and confused him so much that he fought at random, as it were, and swallowing considerable quantities of water all the while, so that he was better than half drowned by the time the process of fracturing his skull had been completed. He was soon recovered from the "blue profound" of the lake, and dragged with shouts of triumph to the shore, where he was carefully lashed (a huge furry mass) behind the carriage conveying the party back to the city in the evening. I saw him the next morning, while a butcher's man was engaged in "taking his jacket off," to the purpose of a splendid sleigh-robe next winter. You may judge of the size, weight, and mettle of this fearful animal (which must have been, by hunter's marks, about five years old) when I tell you I am a sizable sort of fellow—indeed, our friends go so far as to say that "York's tall son" and myself might, with our hands in our shooting-coat pockets, light our cigars, bill to bill, like cooing turtles, over the cross-beam of an ordinary gateway—be this as it may, I could just reach up to the hind paws of Mr. Bruin, as he hung suspended by them from a gallery, with his muzzle barely touching the ground!

Now, ye adventure-writing, waggon-travelling, champaigne-drinking, (by the way, I must get a few choice ones to knock a champaigne dinner out of our heroic little bear-killer here, as it is not every man's luck in this world to perform such a feat "to brag on" during the rest of their natural lives,) precipice-scrambling, rifle-shooting fellows, who perform terrible feats, and many of them—match this bear-fight if you can. Only think of such a thing after a nice quiet lunch, enjoyed upon the bosom of the blue waters, with fair and frightened faces by, green parasols poking in your eyes, and Leghorn bonnet ribbons fluttering about you, three fathoms of nice clear water between you and the nearest short cut to the other world, a crazy canoe, a clumsy paddle, and such an "eternal forty horse power of a fellow" (as old Davy Crockett used to say) to fight it out with!

My yarn is nearly done. I shall bear you in mind about the races. Little news stirring in this quarter, except the fashionable world is just now divided on the merits of eating pudding at dinner with a spoon only, or using spoon and fork. I go the perfect anatomy of the unclean animal with the "spoonies." In the course of my researches to satisfy my personal opinion in this last important matter, I have made discovery that we have no less than *thirty-nine* (!!) *castes* or grades of society here, who, severally and individually, would think it rank contamination to mix or make common cause together. Some of these days I will analyze them for the benefit of your readers, as well as their own especial edification. I will indeed—so depend upon me. Make my love to the men of that dashy and splendid craft, "*The Corsair.*" Her black flag will soon knock all others under, I opine. Yours, till we meet, dear P.,

Quebec, 29th July, 1839. MORGAN RATTLER.

THE PROPHECY OF "VATES."

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London: SIR,—So fearful have I been of rousing the anathemas of those who deem the divination of a Derby altogether unjustifiable, and the outbreak merely of overweening vanity, that my heart misgave me when I fain would have essayed to "touch a loftier string," and penetrate the solemn arcana of a handicap.

Ye gods and jockeys! What! profane the skill of the grand-Inquisition, through whose torturing "questions" and mystic "screws" each animal must pass successively, until the "physique" of each be reduced to a level, and a dead heat with all be the result of the alemble. "*O li profanum;*" so the project was abandoned in despair.

Seriously, it was my intention to have donned the prophetic nightcap, and have dreamed a Goodwood Winner; or a brace of them would have been still more serviceable; but the poppy prevailed; and all I could achieve was, to wake as sagacious as I went to sleep.

Hobbes and Confucius were consulted; Lyttleton's apparition pondered upon—but all in vain. Methought that Ingleby, King of the Conjurors, or Bidder, the Calculating Youth, might have left a sleight of hand or a table behind to aid me;—bootless delusion! I next determined to "call up *spirits* from the vasty deep," but they were, perchance, engaged with sympathetic "*brandy and water*," and would not "answer!"

How groaned I over the lampooning distich!—

"You beat your head in hopes that wit will come—
Knock as you may, there's nobody at home."

Then flitted across my distempered vision, in Banquo-like profusion, the ghosts of departed "flimsies," tied, a la Mazeppa, on the backs of my deluding prophecies; and the "Old Lady's" promises to pay shook their ragged faces at me, and gibbered and rustled worse than a man in chains.

"Out on thee, Hal!" I'll repent, I said, and abjure these "mad pranks;" your prophecies are windy food; henceforth we'll dinner on substantials.

In plain English, as aforesaid, my heart failed me; and, deeming "discretion the better part of valor," I resolved to imitate others, and predict after the event; for who the d—l ever saw a winner come in and not know it beforehand?

Your talented reporter must excuse me; turn and turn about; why should he not lead and I follow, once in a way! And, although he will have anticipated all in my power to tell you, yet your good nature, and that of your readers, must bear with the garrulous tediousness of a "twice-told tale!"

The weather was, for once, hot and settled, though still under the nominal influence of the watery St. Swithin, who abdicated his sway, despite all Saints, in favor of our national pastime. The tide of humanity flowed, in consequence, through the various arteries of Bognor, Little Hampton, Arundel, Chichester, &c., whilst "the House" contributed its fullest quota to the scene of action. "See Corinth and die!" was the axiom of the ancients; we would say, "See Goodwood and live!" for the artist, the sportsman, and the unadulterated Cockney, had here ample justification for the "Dominie Sampson" ejaculation of "prodigious!" "They jest at scars who never felt a wound;" but the Grand Stand, I ween, with its galaxy of beauty, pierced many a "Damon," whilst the priest alone could enact a "cure for the heart-ache!"

The return lists have evinced the "terrible terrible high-bred cattle" were at their "post;" and the magnitude of the stakes they contested gave the solace to the lovers of

"In great attempts 'tis noble e'en to fail."

Like the critic of a drama, it cannot be expected of me to do more than give the grand "hits"—not of the evening, but the day.

The Drawing-room Stakes brought the Oaks winner (and the Derby litigant), in all the glorious pomp and circumstance of war, into the field; which, with five opponents, and 8 lbs. penal weight for her Epsom achievements, she cleverly swept away.

Crucifix made an easy prey of the Levant Stakes—5 lbs. extra; and he who can bring a better animal to the Epsom Downs for "the Oaks" is a fortunate youth. Yet heavy engagements and a ticklish season of the year always give hope, if not confidence, to fielders; and the courage never "oozes out" until the eve of danger.

The great 300 sovs. Stakes, three and three quarter miles, brought four to the post, and the princely prize of £3,600 was gained by ——!

Wednesday ushered in the all important Goodwood Stakes; and when it is recollected that out of the forty-five acceptances, nearly every horse was backed, at some time or other, at legitimately betting round prices, enough is said to compliment the judgment of the handicappers. Out of this number eighteen made their appearance at the chair—a goal, the attainment of which when their heads should be set in a contrary direction—kept all in the agony of excitement whose exchequer was pawned on the result.

After the usual preliminaries of a breathing canter or two—and I think one false attempt—"they are off" was the cry, and a splendid charge it was!

As far as my memory serves me, Ruby, Barnacles, The Friar of *Order Grey*, and Wee Willie went to the front after the first few yards of settling down for position—the rest en masse—St. Bennett about playing "Whipper-in."

Little alteration was perceptible 'till they rounded the hill, and were lost to the view; the horn sounds—they are again visible—and the pace up towards the plantation is very severe, and evidently a weeding for the field.

About two distances from home there are some half dozen together most amiably cutting each other's throats, and at the distance itself the race palpably lies between four—Wee Willie, Ruby, Romania, and Confusionee. The Feather is flagging—Wee Willie is making his retiring bow—a sharp struggle for a few strides—and Romania lands about a length before Ruby, amid the exciting dins and shouts, and curses, perhaps, not "loud but deep," of the countless throngs around us.

The pace I should deem excellent, as it was in fact generally expected would be the case.

Take it for all in all, the Goodwood Stakes is one of the most stirring events on the Turf; and this year, if it formed any exception to its predecessors, it was only in added and more eager interest.

Time presses to save the post, so my remarks on the cup must be very brief; seven donned silks and smalls to contest the splendid trophy, and after a fine race, "The Mare" plucked his laurels from the Son of Erin, and again proved the misnomer, and no mistake!

Trusting, therefore, that my "post prophecy," if it achieve no good, may at any rate inflict no injury, I shall for once be satisfied that none in the "happy valley" of self-delusion could "listen with credulity to the whispers of"

Swan Inn, Chichester, Friday evening, Aug. 2, 1839. VATES.

THE PROPHECY OF "JUDEX."

There was a full attendance at Tattersall's on Monday, and this is generally the case the week preceding Goodwood, every one from the north having arrived thus far on their journey to one of the most important meetings in the kingdom—important alike from the number of influentials collected together and the vast sums of money run for in the course of the four days racing. Besides the cup and stakes, and Harkaway handicap and Stewards' money, there is a four-year-old sweepstakes of nearly £4000, which, until the death of Mr. J. Bowe, the nominator, was doubtless a sweetmeat in the eye of Grey Momus, the no longer-fortunate, as I see by the report of Guildford races. His day is over, having broke down in the race for the Queen's plate. Phœnix, Bracelet, Caroline, Elvina, and Mulberry Wine will, I suppose, try their luck. The betting at the corner on the day in question was not heavy; the marked feature, the rise of the Lord Mayor three or four points, leaving him first favorite with plenty of friends. The betting on this race, the Goodwood Stakes, has been greater than remembered for many years, and, from the number of books opened, immense odds were at first obtained about the various horses likely to run, and some have been backed to win large sums. Among these are Wee Willie, I-am-not-aware, and The Lord Mayor. In spite of the running of his stable companions, Charles XII. and the Hetman Platoff at Liverpool (the sole cause of the advance of the horse in the betting), I cannot back The Lord Mayor. Among the reports of this horse are that he was the best of the Newmarket lot, and yet not good enough to run in the Derby; but, suppose him the best of Scott's Newmarket lot, would this enable him to win at Goodwood? I confess to have my doubts on the subject, although true it is there is hardly a good horse out of the whole number—45. Colonel Peel's horse was a favorite last year for this same race, with 5 st. 10 lbs. on him; he ran no where. Wee Willie is in the same stable with St. Bennett, but receives 32 lbs. from his companion for the year; although the latter is one of the few good horses in the races, considering the severity of the course, Wee Willie must surely beat him. It is dangerous to select one in so large a handicap, but as every book must have something to pull him through, this horse and Chit Chat are those selected by your favored correspondent; the last named has (by the public) been blistered, we will hope not by the farrier. Miss Eliza, the mare that is coming in a new van about 300 miles, ran ten times last year without once being proclaimed a winner. If she had two stone on her back instead of seven, I could not back her. In no stable, certainly no robberies; this conclusion is arrived at on inspecting not the mare, but her public exhibitions. Confusionee is a weedy animal to look at, but must run well. Her performance at Ascot proves the main point—she can get a distance. In the next ruck I should place Romania, I-wish-you-may-get-it, Joannina, and Ruby. Besides those mentioned above, as likely to start, may be named Mervan, Adrian, Chymist, George, Hooghley, Cornborough, and Bristolian. Of course two or three of these must be doubtful, and it is quite possible one or two might be added, such as Quo Minus and Caroline Elvina. Accounts from Newmarket do not speak highly of the former, and the latter is engaged in the large stake on the Tuesday, the day preceding. Eleven only started last year; but I should say sixteen would be more like the number this. Several more than I have mentioned were backed; the enormous odds, more than the merits of the animals, the temptation. For the Cup Harkaway maintained his position as premier. My opinion concerning him was expressed some time since, and I see no reason to alter it. He comes in company with Chit-Chat. My fancy for this is Galewood. He was backed for some money on Monday; but I heard a whisper that all was not right. The offer of 8 to 1 each against him and Richard Roe tends to confirm this. As I have not the means of enquiring, I of course speak of him as well and fit to run; 6 yrs. old, he carries 7 st. 8 lbs. It is a remarkable fact, however, that in spite of the enormous allowance granted to maiden horses, &c., the Goodwood Cup has almost always been won by the full weight. This race was last year invisible on account of the fog, which is apt to prevail on the course at Goodwood. From the quantity of rain fallen in the last few days, we may hope for fine weather on the approaching occasion.

JUDEX.

GOODWOOD RACES.

TUESDAY, July 30.

The *Craven Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds, 7st; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 10lb; six and aged, 8st 12lb. One mile and a quarter. The New Course. 11 subs.

Mr. Bowes's *Epirus*, 5 yrs	Scott	1
Duke of Richmond's Mus, 6 yrs		2
Lord Albemarle's Domino, 3 yrs		3
Mr. Isaac Day's Caravan, 5 yrs		4

Betting—6 to 4 agst Epirus (taken), 6 to 4 agst Caravan, and 5 to 1 agst Mus. Mus made play at a good pace, Epirus following to the distance, where he challenged, and, after a short struggle, won cleverly by a length. Domino and Caravan were several lengths astern of Mus.

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft.; for four year old colts, 8st 7lb, and fillies, 8st 2lb. The Queen's Plate Course, about three miles and three quarters. 21 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's *D'Egville*, by The Colonel	W. Day	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Ratsbane, bro. to Muley Moloch		2
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Caroline Elvina		3

Betting—Even on Ratsbane, 6 to 4 agst D'Egville, and 5 to 1 agst Caroline Elvina. Ratsbane had a lead of several lengths at starting, and kept it without interruption to the distance, where the mare, who had been between him and D'Egville throughout, gave up; John Day immediately pulled his horse, and D'Egville, with whom Lord George Bentinck had declared to win, ran by the winning post a length in advance of him.

The *Lavant Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft.; for two year old colts, 8st 7lb, and fillies, 8st 3lb; the winner of the July or Chesterfield Stakes, or either of the two year old stakes at Ascot, 5lb extra. Half a mile. 15 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. *Crucifix* (5lb extra)	J. Day	1
Lord Lichfield's Firefly, Sister to Phosphorus		2
Lord Albemarle's ch. c Exit		3

Betting—4 to 1 on Crucifix, who cut down her opponents at starting, was never headed, and won in a common canter by two lengths.

The *Drawing Room Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, with a Bonus by an independent subscription of 10 sovs. each; for three year old colts, 8st 7lb, and fillies, 8st 2lb; the winner of the Derby or Oaks, 8lb extra; the second 4lb extra; the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes. 24 subs. to the Sweepstakes, and 25 to the Bonus. Once round. D.S.C.

Fulwar Craven's b. f. *Deception*	Trenn	1
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Merganser		2
Lord Exeter's c. Bosphorus, by Reveller		3
Col. Anson's b. c. Nickleby		4
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Glenlivat		5
Duke of Richmond's b. f. Reel		6

Betting—7 to 4 on Deception, 4 to 1 agst Merganser, 6 to 1 agst Nickleby, 7 to 1 agst Bosphorus.

Deception made all the running, followed by Reel and Merganser to the top of the hill in coming in, where Reel gave in, and Bosphorus ran by Merganser, but without the ability to keep in front of her more than a quarter of a mile. Deception's lead in the mean time remained undisturbed, and she won in a canter by four lengths.

The *Innkeepers' Plate* of 50 sovs. each, added to a Sweepstake of 5 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for £100, &c. Heats, T.Y.C.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. *Tamburini*, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	Rogers	1	4	1
Mr. Mew's f. Myopes, 4 yrs, 8st		0	1	2
Capt. Gardnor's Ochiltree, 4 yrs, 8st		3	2	3
Sir D. Baird's The Morning Star, aged, 8st 10lb		2	3	dr
Mr. Balchin's Lady Agnes, 4 yrs, 8st		0	5	dr
Mr. Tucker's b. f. Lucretia (h. b.) 4 yrs, 8st		0	0	dr
Mr. May's ch. h. Zadig, 6 yrs		0	0	dr

The entries for the most important races of the Meeting are subjoined, to render the betting and the prophecy of VATES, intelligible.

SECOND DAY—The *Goodwood Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft, &c.

	age	st	lb		age	st	lb		age	st	lb
The Potentate	a.	9	2	St. Andrew	4	7	7	Wee Willie	4	6	10
Zohrab	a.	9	2	Kirkdale	4	7	7	Lord Mayor	3	6	10
Heron	6	9	2	Ashfield	4	7	2	The Friar	4	6	7
St. Bennett	5	9	0	George	4	7	2	Bristolian	4	6	7
Albemarle	4	8	10	Rachel	5	7	0	Romania	4	6	4
Quo Minus	4	8	7	Miss Eliza	5	7	0	Bracelet	4	6	4
Talleyrand	4	8	5	Clarion	3	7	0	Merganser	3	6	4
St. Martin	4	8	5	Joannina	4	6	13	Taunton	3	6	0
Prizeflower (h. b.)	5	8	4	Nickleby	3	6	13	Brush	4	6	0
Magpie	5	8	4	Hooghley	4	6	12	Caroline Elvina	4	6	0
Mervan	5	8	2	I-am-not-aware	4	6	12	F. by Merchant—Turquoise	3	5	10
Barnacles	6	8	1	I-wish-you-may-get-it	4	6	12	C. by Priam—Speculator's d.	3	5	10
Chit Chat	5	8	0	Cornborough	5	6	10	Confusionee	3	5	0
Ruby	5	8	0	March First	4	6	10	The rest pay 5 sovs. each.			
Adrian	5	8	0	Morella	4	6	10				
Leonidas	a.	8	0								
Chymist	4	7	10								

THIRD DAY—The *Racing Stakes* of 50 sovs. each; the New Mile.

Duke of Richmond's Glenlivat	Mr. Ford's Minima (3lb extra)
——— Bulwark (3lb extra)	Mr. Bowes's Epidaurus
——— Reel (3lb extra)	——— Lobelia
Mr. Wreford's Westonian	Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan—Velvet
——— Wapiti	Col. G. Wyndham's b. c. by Nimrod (by Whalebone) or Gaberlunzie—Harpalice
Lord Albemarle's Tros	Mr. Hasting's Lady Geraldine
Mr. Thornhill's Merganser	Sir G. Heathcote's Valaincourt
Lord Lichfield's The Corsair (6lb extra)	

The *Molecomb Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two year olds; T.Y.C.

Duke of Richmond's br. f. Sherbet	Lord Albemarle's ch. c. Exit
Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Grey Milton	——— ch. f. Iris (5lb extra)
——— gr. c. Bagdad	Lord Chesterfield's f. by Priam—Arachne
——— b. c. Marmot (dead)	Lord Lichfield's Firefly
——— ch. c. Capote	Lord Exeter's c. Stamboul (5lb extra)
——— b. f. Crucifix	Mr. Sadler's Defendant
——— br. f. Sal Volatile	Mr. Harris's b. c. Mariner
——— b. c. Dreadnought	Colonel G. Wyndham's ch. c. by Nonsense, dam (foaled in 1830) by Muley, out of Harriet, by Selim
Mr. Wreford's b. f. by Glencoe—Victoria	
——— b. c. by Glencoe—Margellina	

The *Goodwood Cup*, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscriptions of 20 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Racing Fund; Cup Course.

St. Andrew, 4 yrs	Bosphorus, 3 yrs	Deception, 3 yrs
Ion, 4 yrs	Domino, 3 yrs	Industry, 4 yrs
Accelerator, 3 yrs	Bay Hampton, 4 yrs	Zimmerman, 3 yrs
Rachel, 5 yrs	March First, 4 yrs	Miss Eliza, 5 yrs
Hyllus, 3 yrs	Euclid, 3 yrs	Taunton, 3 yrs
Harkaway, 5 yrs	Obelisk (late Perkins), 6 yrs	St. Martin, 4 yrs
Albemarle, 4 yrs	Calmuck, 6 yrs	Confusionee, 3 yrs
Alemdar, 4 yrs	Galewood, 6 yrs	Beggarman, 4 yrs
Richard Roe, 4 yrs	Olympic, aged	Tamburini, 3 yrs
Vasa, 3 yrs	Huckster, 5 yrs	Clarion, 3 yrs
The Doctor, 5 yrs	Caravan, 5 yrs	Epirus, 5 yrs
Bulwark, 3 yrs	Leonidas, aged	The Corsair, 3 yrs
Grey Momus, 4 yrs	Dart, 3 yrs	Quo Minus, 4 yrs
Bloomsbury, 3 yrs	Phœnix, 4 yrs	King Cole, 6 yrs
Sis. to Pickwick, 3 yrs		Talleyrand, 4 yrs
The Major, 4 yrs		

The Duke of Richmond's *Plate* of 100 sovs.; the last mile.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

GOODWOOD STAKES.

Monday, July 22.		Thursday, July 25.
5 to 1 agst	The Lord Mayor	7 to 1 agst (tk)
10 to 1 ——	I-am-not-aware	11 to 1 ——
12 to 1 —— (tk)	Wee Willie	10 to 1 ——
12 to 1 —— (tk)	Miss Eliza	8 to 1 ——
14 to 1 ——	Romania	12 to 1 ——
15 to 1 ——	St. Bennett	16 to 1 ——
14 to 1 ——	Confusionee	8 to 1 —— (tk)
———	Ruby	30 to 1 ——
35 to 1 —— (tk)	Nickleby	———
35 to 1 —— (tk)	Rachel	25 to 1 —— (tk)
50 to 1 —— (tk)	Chemist	40 to 1 ——
50 to 1 —— (tk)	Bristolian	50 to 1 —— (tk)
———	Cornborough	45 to 1 —— (tk)
———	Friar	50 to 1 ——
———	George	50 to 1 ——
10 to 1 —— (tk)	Nickleby, Albemarle, Prizeflower, and Caroline Elvina	———
———	Bristolian agst Chemist	700 even

GOODWOOD CUP.

2 to 1 —— (tk)	Harkaway	10 to 6 ——
6 to 1 —— (tk)	Deception	5 to 1 ——
6 to 1 ——	Galewood	8 to 1 —— (tk)
6 to 1 ——	Richard Roe	6 to 1 ——
10 to 1 —— (tk)	The Doctor	10 to 1 —— (tk)
———	Obelisk	20 to 1 —— (tk)

ST. LEGER.

7 to 2 ——	Bloomsbury	7 to 1 ——
4 to 1 ——	Charles the Twelfth	4 to 1 ——
———	The Commodore	———
———	The Provost	———
16 to 1 ——	Hetman Platoff	———
30 to 1 —— (tk)	agst The Lord Mayor winning this and the Goodwood Stakes	———

Betting at Manchester—Friday Evening, July 26.

GOODWOOD STAKES.

6 to 1 agst Lord Mayor	12 to 1 agst Romania
7 to 1 —— Confusionee (taken)	15 to 1 —— Chit-Chat
7 to 1 —— Lady Eliza (offered)	16 to 1 —— St. Bennett
9 to 1 —— Wee Willie	

GOODWOOD CUP.

6 to 4 agst Harkaway (taken)	8 to 1 agst Galewood
5 to 1 —— Deception	9 to 1 —— The Doctor
6 to 1 —— Richard Roe	

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

3½ to 1 agst Bloomsbury	20 to 1 agst Glenlivat
4 to 1 —— Bar one	25 to 1 —— Easingwold
4 to 1 —— Charles the Twelfth	50 to 1 —— Sam Weller
14 to 1 —— Hetman Platoff	

LATEST BETTING AT GOODWOOD, JULY 30.

GOODWOOD STAKES.—4 to 1 against Confusionee, taken; 5 to 1 against Lord Mayor; 10 to 1 against Wee Willie; 12 to 1 against I-am-not-aware, taken; 15 to 1 against St. Bennett; 17 to 1 against Morella, taken; and 25 to 1 against Barnacles.

THE GOODWOOD CUP.—7 to 4 against Harkaway; 7 to 2 against Deception; and 6 to 1 against Epirus.

Subjoined is an extract from an ancient account of the house at Goodwood:

Goodwood in 1790.

The hall and the drawing-room are the chief rooms for space and show. The hall is 80 feet by 24, the drawing-room 40 feet by 28. After the dining-parlor and the Duchess's dressing-room there are a great many rooms, but none that need be distinguished. The pictures are, Mrs. Damer, Lady Louisa, Lord George, Count Bentinck (a fine characteristic head), the late Duke and Duchess, the Duke of Leinster, Countess Berkeley, and a half-length of the present Duke, when abroad as formidable as brick-colored cuffs could make him. In the other rooms are, Lord Anson, Lord Albemarle, Lord J. Cavendish, Lord Kepple (by Romney), Lady L. Conolly; some fine horses by Stubbs; with Colonel Jones, Lord George Lennox, and the Duke, all on horseback, with servants and dogs. The Duchess and Lady Louisa are in another picture, looking at some race horses; and a third with Lord Holland and another gentleman shooting. There are some pictures of other horses, viz.:—Sheldon, Grey Carey, Grey Cardigan, Bay Bolton, Red Robin, and Sultan, given by Prince Charles of Lorraine to the King in 1743; Mad. Querousille, Nell Gwynne, and the Duchess of Portsmouth are also among the pictures. Other artificial objects are, the statue of a lioness, the favorite of the late and present Duke—the lion, the head of Anson's ship upon his voyage.

The outlying buildings are an obelisk, holding a well-hid chimney, carrying the smoke from the pheasantry, built by the present Duke; the Venetian room, with views to the Isle of Wight, built by the late Duke; a dairy, exquisitely simple and beautiful; the tablets on the base of the buttresses are heraldry of the constituent families, Lennox, Brudenell, Cadogan, Kennicott, and Nohall.

Early in life the Duke built what is not common—a tennis-court; and what is more uncommon still, a dog-kennel, which has cost him more than £10,000. The Duke was his own architect and builder; he dug his own flints, burnt his own lime, made his own bricks, and formed the wood-work in his own shops.

The park is four miles round. The kitchen garden is ten acres; his ornamented garden is fifty acres, and the cedars are some of the best in England.

The Portland stone front of the house was built by the present Duke.

FRENCH SPORTING.

It is well known that the French have generally made but a poor hand at hunting, and that they care but little about it. There is no point, in which they differ nationally, more from their near neighbors over the Channel, unless it be *Yachting*, and other marine amusements of that sort. These, again, they do not appear to comprehend at all, though their "water-privileges" are about as good as the English—as good as they can be. They have *seen* the latter, too, at least enough to copy them if they would. A few years since Lord Yarborough sailed his squadron over to Cherbourg—40 or 50 gallant Yachts of the first construction and fleetest speed. We have heard the sight described as most beautiful, most exciting, as they moved into the harbor, and took up their station. There for some days they carried on their manœuvres. Great crowds assembled to see them. Louis Philippe came down himself for the purpose, exchanged splendid hospitalities with the noble "Commodore," (for that is the title) and gave him, at parting, a snuff box, with his portrait set in it, valued at some $7000 at least. This was mentioned by our English correspondent a year or two since, when the Commodore shewed it to him at his Castle on his favorite Yachting station, the Isle of Wight. But all was of no avail. The French admired, and went away. The King was extremely delighted, but he said no more about Yachts. There has never been a proper one in all France.

Hunting is in better condition, of late. There is a coterie of those who like it, or pretend to, in and about Paris. The royal family are among them. They have a depot at Chantilly, with this view—a grand park, chateau, stables, &c. Of these latter, *Nimrod* says, in a late English publication—and he is good sporting authority—"The superb architecture of the stables, I will not attempt to touch upon, but the size of the principal one may be imagined when I say it contains stalls for 186 horses—which stalls I have seen filled in the Chantilly race week, as they would have been this year, had the royal party been at the chateau; and they were *always* full, in the time of the late occupier, his Royal Highness the Duke of Bourbon." This Duke was *really* a hunter. Even Nimrod calls him the keenest sportsman on record, which, for an Englishman, and an old Leicestershire fox-follower, like himself, is a vast deal. Yet there seems to be proof of it. He says that four hours was considered a long night by this sportsman. He hunted or shot almost every day in the year, Sundays excepted, and the distance he went to meet his hounds almost staggers belief. Thirty miles was considered short. No wonder he should have worn out six persons, who had to take their turns—two at a time—in attendance upon him. His Royal Highness, however, reached his seventieth year. And again: "I had another opportunity of examining the yearly accounts, very regularly kept, of the game killed by the different packs of hounds of this illustrious sportsman. In some of the years the success was astonishing. For example, in 1829, only two wild boars were lost out of a hundred and twenty-four hunted. In 1827, only six stags escaped out of eighty-three hunted; and in 1828, only two out of ninety-two.

This is pretty well—for a Frenchman. Louis Philippe would seem to be this man's successor. His "establishment" altogether is quite unrivalled: 170 carriages, including berlins, coupes, caleches, and britskas, together with 26 richly gilt and ornamented state carriages, with eight horse red morocco leather harness, trimmed with silk, ornaments and reins richly gilt: 648 horses, 120 pairs of harness, 240 saddles, 345 men employed in the stables. Nimrod says there are many English horses in the stables; amongst them six *sets* of greys, far superior to any to be seen in Victoria's stables; also several Arabs. Of one of these it is related that he was presented to the King by Abder Kader, after having been ridden by him 85 leagues in 24 hours, without food or water. The story is in fact a little too large. Allowing only 2½ miles to a league, this distance is 200 miles. It seems there are eight hundred livery servants in his Majesty's establishment in Paris, and the places in the vicinity of it! This is sporting, again, with a grace. Philippe is clearly no miser, as some call him. Such a monarch in Paris must be invaluable to trade—as well as to horses. It is bad economy, if not poor politics, in the French, to shoot *him*. Better shoot anything else. Better go to Chantilly. Boston Transcript.

THE MADISONVILLE BOAT RACE.

THE PAULINE WINNER OF THE PRIZE.—On Sunday, the prize offered by Mr. William Haynes, of Madisonville, to the fortunate competitor among the New Orleans and Mobile Boat Clubs, was contended for on the placid waters of the Tchifuncte river, by the *Pauline*, the *Thomas S. Hamblin*, and the *Creole*, all of this city. On Saturday the respective clubs left our city. On Sunday, as the hour for the "start off" approached, the denizens of New Orleans and the people in the neighborhood of Madisonville began to assemble in large numbers at the scene of sport. Numbers of fair Creoles honored the occasion by their presence—the scene, exciting and inspiring as it was, would be imperfect and unfinished without them—their

"Black eyes, arch'd brows and sweet expressions still;
Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;
And like so many Venuses of Titian's."

It was a charming sight to see the slender swallow-like boats dancing as if "eager for the fray" on the unrippled waters of the Tchifuncte, which by the way, is a more poetical river than its name would indicate. It seemed

"————the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect and most clear;
A mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters."

The dress of the respective clubs was chosen with the strictest regard to nautical taste, and they looked—in their blue tape-bound jackets—in their white shirts, with rolling collars, bearing a light star in the corners—in their low-crowned glazed hats, capacious white trousers and low-quartered shoes—why, they looked "every inch the sailor." They had distinctive, light knit silk caps, which they wore during the race. Those worn by the Lady of Lyons club were red—those by the Creole club green, and the caps worn by the men of the Hamblin were parti-colored.

They started at half-past two. The first dip of the oars was the signal of

an instinctive shout from the spectators, and we thought we could hear some of the fair lookers on ejaculate

"Oh! wool may the boat sow
That my love's in."

The bodies of the rowers and their oars seemed equally elastic, and they made their tiny barks bound along with every stroke of the oars. It would be an incorrect figure to say they walked the waters—they flew over them.

The Pauline, after a few strokes, shot ahead, and her position in a few minutes told that she was destined to be the winning boat. The race between the other two boats was more exciting, as they kept side and side almost the whole time. The Pauline went over the prescribed distance—about 4 miles—in 21 minutes, leaving the Hamblin and the Creole between two and three hundred yards in the rear. The Hamblin came in about a boat's length before the Creole. On winning the race the crew of the Pauline hoisted a neat silk flag, presented to them by a lady of New Orleans, but which they were not to unfold unless they proved the victors. They were congratulated by their friends, and Mr. Haynes presented them with the prize, filled with grateful beverage in the shape of brandy punch. It is a handsome fluted silver pitcher, of quart size.

We hope to see the spirit for aquatic amusement fostered and encouraged, and that others will follow in the footsteps of Mr. Haynes. It is a manly and invigorating sport, and induces a fraternal feeling among our young men. The respective boats' crews and the citizens who went over to Madisonville, came all home together on board the Mazeppa, and no other feeling than that of fellowship reigned among them. We should have remarked above that each boat pulled six oars.

N. O. Picayune.

PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS.

"'I am afraid of you, Doctor, you come from a sick room,' exclaimed a *petit maitre* to Dr. Mounsey. 'You often make me sick,' replied Dr. Mounsey, 'but never afraid.'"

"It is stated that Sir Richard Jebb was very rough and harsh in his manner. He once observed to a patient to whom he had been very rude, 'Sir, it is my way.' 'Then,' replied the patient, pointing to the door, 'I beg you will make that your way.'"

"Sir Richard, on being called to see a patient, who fancied himself very ill, told him candidly what he thought, and declined to prescribe, thinking it unnecessary 'Now you are here,' said the patient, 'I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not.' 'My directions as to that point,' rsplied Sir Richard, 'will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please.'"

"A gentleman farmer, from a distant part of the country, either fancying there was some derangement in his system, or wishing, after having seen the other sights of the metropolis, to visit one of its principal lions, Mr. Abernethy, accordingly went to him. 'Do you make a good breakfast?' inquired Mr. Abernethy. 'Pretty good,' answered the patient. 'You lunch?' 'Yes, I take luncheon.' 'Do you eat a hearty dinner?' 'Pretty hearty.' 'You take tea, I suppose?' 'Yes, I do.' 'And, to wind up all, you sup, I suppose.' 'Yes, I always sup.' 'Why, then, you beast,' said Abernethy, 'go home and eat less, and there will be nothing the matter with you.'"

"Sir John Hill once made his appearance at the Duke of Richmond's house, attired in elegant mourning, with servants, and a handsome chariot. He said that a large estate had been unexpectedly bequeathed to him, that he had a borough at his command, and was come to lay it at the Duke's feet. This farce was kept up for a fortnight; and then the whole was found out to be a fabrication, and the Duke would never after suffer him to come into the house. It was a conversation at Dr. Watson's that first made Hill a quack. Hill's poverty was mentioned, and Dr. Watson was wondering that Hill, amongst all his schemes, had never attempted quackery, when the field was open: this was reported to Hill by one of the company, and soon after came out one of his medicines; some of these had not much success; but the tincture of sage, and balsam of honey, sold so well, that Ridley, the bookseller, in St. James's street, once assured Mr. Hudson, that he sold them to the amount of £30 per week, and that there was a still greater demand for them in the city. Hill was known to the world as the doctor on whom that well-known epigram was written:—

'For physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.'

"It has been said of this eccentric character, that he was

"The writer on snuff, valerian and sage,
The greatest imposter and quack of his age;
The punishment ordered for all such sad crimes,
Was to take his own physic, and read his own rhymes!"

"Dr. Walcot having called upon a bookseller in Paternoster-row, to inquire after his own works, he was asked to take a glass of wine. He consented to accept of a little negus, as an innocent morning beverage; when instantly was presented to him a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of a man carved on it. 'Eh! eh!' says the Doctor, 'what have we here?' 'A man's skull,' replied the bookseller; 'a poet's, for what I know.' 'Nothing more likely,' rejoined the facetious Doctor, 'for it is universally known that *all* booksellers drink their wine from *our* skulls!'"

"Henderson, the actor, having said to Sir John Eliot, an eminent physician, that as his practice was extensive, he must be very rich,—'Nay, nay,' quoth Sir John, 'I am not rich in this world—I lay up my treasure in heaven.' 'Then you may take leave of it for ever,' rejoined the other, 'for you have laid it up where you can never go to find it.'"

EXTRACTS FROM CAPT. MARRYAT'S DIARY.

PRICES OF STOCK IN KENTUCKY.

Of the cattle show at Lexington (Kentucky), the fourth day was for the exhibition of jackasses of two year and one year, and for foals and jennies also; this sight was to me one of peculiar interest. Accustomed as we are in England to value a jackass at thirty shillings, we look down upon them with contempt; but here the case is reversed: you look up at them with surprise and admiration. Several were shown standing fifteen hands high, with head and ears in proportion: the breed has been obtained from the Maltese jackass, crossed by those of Spain and the south of France. Those imported seldom average more than fourteen hands high; but the Kentuckians, by great attention and care, have raised them up to fifteen hands, and sometimes even to sixteen. But the price paid for these splendid animals, for such they really were, will prove how much they are in request. Warrior, a jackass of great celebrity, sold for 5,000 dollars, upwards of £1,000 sterling. Half of another jackass, Benjamin by name, was sold for 2,500 dollars. At the show I asked a gentleman what he wanted for a very beautiful female ass, only one year old: he said that he could have 1,000 dollars, £250 for her, but that he had refused that sum. For a two year old jack, shown during the exhibition, they asked 3,000 dollars, more than £600. I never felt such respect for donkeys before; but the fact is, that mule-breeding is so lucrative, that there is no price which a very large donkey will not command. I afterwards went to a cattle sale a few miles out of the town. Don Juan, a two year old bull, Durham breed, fetched 1,075 dollars; an imported Durham cow, with her calf, 985 dollars. Before I arrived a bull and cow fetched about 1,300 dollars, each of them about £280. The cause of this is, that the demand for good stock, now that the western states are filling up, becomes so great, that they cannot be produced fast enough. Mr. Clay, who resides near Lexington, is one of the best breeders in the state, which is much indebted to him for the fine stock which he has imported from England. Another sale took place which I attended, and I quote the prices:—Yearling bull, 1,000 dollars; do. heifer, 1,500. Cows, of full Durham blood, but bred in Kentucky, 1.245 dollars; do. 1,235 dollars. Imported cow and calf, 2,100 dollars. It must be considered that, although a good Durham cow will not cost more than twenty guineas perhaps in England, the expenses of transport are very great, and they generally stand in, to the importers, about 600 dollars, before they arrive at the state of Kentucky."

THE SIOUX.

"The arms of the Sioux are the rifle, tomahawk, and bow; they carry spears more for parade than use. Their bows are not more than three feet long, but their execution with them is surprising. A Sioux, when on horseback chasing the buffalo, will drive his arrow, which is about eighteen inches long, with such force that the barb will appear on the opposite side of the animal. And one of their greatest chiefs, *Wanataw*, has been known to kill two buffaloes with one arrow, it having passed through the first of the animals, and mortally wounded the second on the other side of it. I was about two hundred yards from the fort, and asked a Sioux if he could send his arrow into one of the apertures for air, which were near the foundation, and about three inches wide. It appeared like a mere thread from where we stood. He took his bow, and apparently with a most careless aim, he threw the arrow right into it,"

CINCINNATI PORK.

"Cincinnati is the pork-shop of the Union; and in the autumnal, and early winter months, the way in which they kill pigs here is, to use a Yankee phrase, *quite a caution*. Almost all the hogs fed in the oak forests of Ohio, Kentucky, and western Virginia, are driven into this city, and some establishments kill as many as fifteen hundred a day; at least so I am told. They are despatched in a way quite surprising; and a pig is killed upon the same principle as a pin is made—by division, or more properly speaking, by combination of labor. The hogs confined in a large pen are driven into a smaller one; one man knocks them on the head with a sledge-hammer, and then cuts their throats; two more pull away the carcass, when it is raised by two others, who tumble it into a tub of scalding water. His bristles are removed in about a minute and a half by another party; when the next duty is to fix a stretcher between his legs. It is then hoisted up by two other people, cut open, and disembowelled; and in three minutes and a half from the time that the hog was grunting in his obesity, he has only to get cold before he is again packed up, and reunited in a barrel, to travel all over the world."

ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

OXFORD, Friday Morning.

The proceedings terminated yesterday morning by a sale of many of the prize cattle and other specimens, which afforded a good idea of the value of the respective descriptions. The cattle ground was well attended, although one shilling was charged for admission, and amongst the buyers were Lord Moreton, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Mr. Handley, and other distinguished agriculturists. The following is a list of some of the prize cattle:—

A Devon bull, three years and two months old, belonging to Mr. Paull, of Compton Pouncefoot, Somerset, 94*l*.

A long-horned bull, four years and four months old, bred by Mr. Horton, of Sherborne, near Warwick, 43 guineas.

A Devon cow, nine years and three months old, bred by Mr. J. W. Pethers, of South Petherton, Somerset, 35 guineas.

A two years and three months old Devon heifer, bred by Mr. M. Paull, 140*l*.

A heifer, one year and five months old, of the Hereford and Devon breed, bred by Mr. Thomas Stevens, 37*l*.

A Devon bull calf, 23 weeks old, bred by Mr. Paull, 43*l*.

A cow and calf of the Durham breed, 14 years old, bred by Mr. J. Badcock, of Pyrton, 28*l*.

Five Leicester ewes, bred by Mr. Archer, of Tashbrook, near Warwick, 9*l*. 10*s*. per ewe and lamb.

A Suffolk cart stallion, named Briton, belonging to Mr. Thomas Freeman, of Henham, Suffolk.

The following lots were also exhibited and sold at the auction:—

A Devon bull, five years and six months old, bred by Mr. J. W. Peters, 52*l*. 10*s*.

A Devon cow, seven years and five months old, bred by Mr. Paull, 58*l*.

A Hereford bull calf, bred by the Rev. J. R. Smythies, 69*l*.

A five year old Durham cow, bred by J. H. Langston, Esq., 35*l*.

Two short horned in calf heifers, two years old, bred by Mr. Cooling, of Winchenden, Bucks, 42*l*.

A yearling Durham heifer, bred by Mr. Warner, of Thumley, Oxon, 26*l*.

A white bull, 17 months old, bred by the Rev. Wm. Mills, of Shellingford, Berks, 35*l*.

A South Down ram, not exceeding two years and five months old, bred by J. J. Drake, Esq., 20*l*

A two year old long woolled ram, bred by Mr. E. E. Dawson, of Ingthorp, Stamford, 16*l*.

A shearing ditto, bred by ditto, 22*l*.

Five fat wether sheep, bred by Lord Western, 13*l*. 4*s*.

Five Leicester lambs, bred by Mr. Archer, of Wasperton, near Warwick, 21*l*. 5*s*.

One improved Cotteswold ewe and one lamb, bred by Mr. H. Tuckwell, of Signer, 13*l*.

Three fat sheep, bred by Mr. Pratt, 15*l*.

A cart stallion, not more than four years old, Mr. W. Polhill, of Eyford, Gloucestershire, 105 guineas.

Three small store pigs, bred by Lord Western, 12*l*.

The remnants of the dinner, about 2,000 lbs. weight of meat, were yesterday distributed to 700 poor families, who were recommended by the clergymen of the different parishes, which caused a great deal of bustle in the city. The police regulations were judiciously made, and during the crowded state of the town but one or two trifling robberies occurred. A horticultural fete was given yesterday at the Botanic Gardens. There was a good display of flowers and fruits, and notwithstanding the very unpleasant state of the weather, attracted the attendance of most of the nobility and gentry remaining in the town.

The total number of animals exhibited on Wednesday, at the meeting of the English Agricultural Society, was 406. In the short-horned breed of cattle there were twenty, of which seven were bulls, four cows in milk, three in-calf heifers, and four bull calves; of Herefords there were twenty-four, or six bulls, six cows in milk, five in-calf heifers, three yearling heifers, and four bull calves; there were fifteen Devons, or four bulls, five cows in milk, two in-calf heifers, two yearling heifers, and two bull calves; of cattle of any breed there were twenty-four, or six bulls, eleven cows in milk, four yearling heifers, and three bull calves; in the miscellaneous class of oxen by weight there were twenty; there were twenty-four horses of which ten were cart stallions, five mares (with five extra foals), and nine stallions for breeding hunters; of sheep there were 210, of which seventy-one were Leicesters, or twelve shearling rams, nineteen of various ages, fifteen ewes with their lambs, and twenty-five shearling ewes; of South Downs, ninety, including thirty shearling rams, twenty ewes and lambs, and forty shearling ewes; and of long-woolled sheep forty-nine, or seven shearling rams, seven of various ages, twenty ewes and lambs, and fifteen shearling ewes; there were twenty-six pigs, being ten boars, four sows, and twelve pigs of the same litter; and the extra class of stock, not included in any of the above, was thirty-seven, including two bulls, seven oxen, nine cows, two calves, three horses, nine sheep, and four pigs. The total number of prizes, from five to fifty guineas in value, was 48, of which 46 were for stock, and two for seed wheat. The total value of the prizes awarded was 830*l*.

SOUTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURAL CONVENTION.

I am quite pleased, Mr. Editor, to see the calls for an agricultural convention, in various sections of our State—Our people have neglected their agricultural interests long enough. If they had occupied themselves with such matters, instead of battling about the sub-Treasury, and other *abstractions*, there would be less disposition to political squabbling, and more advantage to the community—however,

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

This is a most auspicious time for making an effort to unite our people for their own immediate benefit—party spirit has ceased, I hope, for a long time—there are now no parties in the State—unless a few ambitious men and a few Editors, who are very suspicious sometimes, are disposed to renew difficulties. No doubt there will always be some to encourage party spirit and to endeavour to keep people "by the ears"—but the mass of the people are tired of such strife, and are very desirous to give it up—they have nothing to gain by a continuance of any party warfare—the benefit accruing, if any, to individuals, is not worth the ill feeling which is always generated by it.

Let us now form corn parties, and cotton parties, and cattle parties, and hog parties, and sheep parties—and we will do more for the good of the State, than we can do by bothering ourselves, with the General Government. We have, with our best representation in Congress, scarcely any influence. Let us devote our energies to our own State, for a while, and let the government go on, without us.

I can scarcely keep from writing more against political strife, so accustomed am I to have my head filled by our papers with such matters—excuse me, and I am done.

We certainly will have an agricultural convention, and I hope, before it meets, that our district will have "an Agricultural Society" organized. It is in progress, and will soon have a meeting.

Our district has intelligent planters—men who are above the silly opposition to "book farming"—men who are farmers able to write books, and whose book farming is wanted to aid young planters. If such men would publish to the community their modes of management, you would never hear the cant about "book farming." From the want of agricultural books, men unfit for the duty concoct what are called so, and mislead the community—hence the necessity for societies, to correct improper notions, and to give correct knowledge to the people.

A SMALL FARMER.

Columbia (S. C.) Telescope.

Singular Fact.—A British captain at the Battle of the Nile was giving an order from the quarter deck of his vessel, when a shot struck him in the head, depriving him instantaneously of sense and speech. Living, however, he was taken home and remained in the Greenwich Hospital fifteen months. At the end of that period, during which he had exhibited no signs of intelligence, an operation was performed upon him by a skilful surgeon, that in a moment restored him to his faculties. He immediately rose in his bed, and *completed the order!*

"Sally, shall I see you hum?"

"No, Sammy, I don't want none of your company."

"I don't mean now, but some stormy night when I can't go nowhere else."

Turf Club (Ireland)—Last week Mr. Maher, M. P. for Wexford, was deputed by his brother stewards and the members of the Turf Club to present an address to his Excellency the Lord Ebrington, congratulating him on his arrival as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and expressing a hope that his Excellency would extend the same patronage to the Turf of Ireland as his predecessor, and soliciting the honor of his company to dinner at their Club House, Kildare. His Excellency was pleased to receive the address most graciously, and signified his intention of honoring the Club with his presence at dinner on the next Royal September Meeting.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Washington Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 1st day of October, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close 1st Sept.; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, free for all ages.

Second day—A Produce Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Duvall names produce of Thistle and Mons. Tonson.
2. Wm. D. Bowie names produce of Blue Bell and Imp. Apparition
3. C. S. W. Dorsey names produce of a Young Oscar mare and Critic
4. Thos. F. Bowie names produce of Abby Rattler and Imp. Autocrat
5. Geo. S. Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Autocrat
6. D. Crawford names produce of a Zinganee mare and Marylander
7. Y. N. Oliver names produce of a Mark Anthony mare and Duke of Orleans
8. W. W. W. Bowie names produce of Lady Amelia and Imp. Autocrat
9. Wm. N. Dorsett names produce of Fanny Wright and Imp. Autocrat
10. John H. S. Sothoron names produce of Maid of Patuxent and Imp. Autocrat
11. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Apparition.
12. Roderick McGregor names produce of Ellen and Imp. Autocrat
13. Hon. D. Jennifer names *Scylla*, produce of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo, and Imp. Autocrat

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

Third day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats, free for all ages.

Fourth day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race: to name and close as above.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages, ent. $25, to be added to the Purse. Entrance 5 per cent. All the above purses will be paid without discount.

EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N.B. Persons wishing to make entries to the above sweepstakes, will please addres. the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va., or Wm. Holmead, at the course. [aug 3]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Norfolk Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 17th Sept., and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $50, with an inside stake of $1000 each, P.P Now three entries, and closed, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson. | O. P. Hare. | Edw. J. Wilson.

Fourth day—A Citizens' Purse $400. Three mile heats, free for all ages.

The above purses payable without discount.

[aug 3] EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughou the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Lucille and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gonhanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats.

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner. JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRING RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Victoria Course* will take place on Tuesday, 3d September, within half a mile of the Springs.

First day—Purse $150, ent. $10, Mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $100 each, half forfeit; to name and close the evening preceding the first day's race.

Second day—Purse $250, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—A Post Stake for 4 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., to name and close the evening of the fourth day's race.

The above purses will be put up in cash at the stand by the Fauquier White Sulphur Spring Company.

SAMUEL SHELTON.
ARTHUR M. PAYNE.

N.B. Good stables and litter furnished gratis. Newmarket Rules to govern. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over this course during the Fall Meeting of 1839.—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats; four or more to make a race; now four subs.; to close the 1st Sept.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., three or more to make a race; free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. To close the 1st Sept. Now three subscribers.

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds Fall Meeting, 1839, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, h.ft.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct. Now two subs.

Inside Stake, free for all ages Fall Meeting, 1839, on the day of the Jockey Club Purse (and for the Jockey Club Purse), Four mile heats; to name at the Post, sub. $2000 each, P.P.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs.

July 19th, 1839.—[jy 20] WM. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor.*

FOR SALE,

THE Club boat SPARK, 38 feet long, with a flat keel; draws a light draft of water, 14 months old, in good order, built by Benj. Shamburg; she rows fast, and her present owners are willing to back her against any boat of her length that is built at the present time, for $250.

For further particulars inquire of CHARLES GRIFFEN, corner of South and Walnut streets. [Aug. 22–3t*]

MULBERRY COURSE (Va.) RACES.

WE the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 yr. old; Two mile heats; Sub. $200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st day of October next.

We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Mile heats—Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st day of October next.

The Fall meeting on the Mulberry Course will come off as usual, on the fourth Tuesday, the 22d of October. WM. McCARGO, Proprietor.

Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1, 1839.—[Aug. 10–10t.]

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting. A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

June 22, 1839.—[jy 13]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ABINGDON, Ky. - - - Huntingdon Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Sept.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
BOONVILLE, Mo. - - - and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
BRAN'S STATION, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky. - Spring Hill Course, 1st Wednesday, 4th Sept.
CINCINNATI, Ohio - - Buckeye Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
CLINTON, Ala. - - - - Factolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
CROSS KEYS, Va. - - - Southampton County, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - - Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - Western Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
CLARKSVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va. Mulberry Course, J.C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
FORT SMITH, Arks. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
FAYETTE, Mo. - - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.
FRANKFORT, Ky. - - - Capitol Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
HUNTINGDON, L. C. - Somerville's Course, 2d Friday, 13th Sept.
HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss. A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo. Woodland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
KINGSTON, U. C. - - - Annual Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" " Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - - Association Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
LIVINGSTON, Ala. - - Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" " Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
MECKLENBURG Co., Va. Buffalo Course, J. C., Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, Oct. 8.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MAYSVILLE, Ky. - - - Beechland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
MACON, Ga. - - - - - Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - - and Portsmouth J C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW FRANKLIN, Mo. and Boonville J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Jockey Club First Fall Meeting, 3d Thursday, 19th Sept.
" " Jockey Club Second Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
NEW YORK CITY - - Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" " " Beacon Course, Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
PETERSBURG, Va. - - Newmarket Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
PITTSYLVANIA C. H. Va. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.
QUEBEC, L. C. - - - - Association Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - - - State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
ROME, Ga. - - - - - - Western Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - - Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
SPRINGFIELD, Ala. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Va. J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Aug.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
VAN BUREN, Arks. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
WASHINGTON, D. C. - National Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
WHEELING, Va. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Sept.
WHITE S. SPRINGS, Va. Fauquier Co., Victoria Course, J. C. F. Meeting, Tuesday, Sept. 3

VARIETIES.

A clergyman in the cupola of the state-house in Boston, observing Capt. W. at work on the outside of the dome, said to him:

"Sir, you are now in a dangerous situation. I trust you have made your *peace* with your heavenly Father"

"I never was at *war* with *Him*," responded the gallant captain.

A gentleman called upon a physician, wishing him to attend his wife immediately, as she was dangerously sick; but the doctor did not incline to leave his bottle, whereupon the gentleman took him upon his back, and carried him out of the hotel.

"Now, you rascal, I'll cure your wife out of revenge," said the doctor, and he kept his word.

Why is the letter D cut in two, like a deceased friend? Because it is *departed*.

Some time ago an Irishman was convicted of a felony, and sentenced to death. On the day it was to be carried into effect he received a reprieve, his innocence having, after his trial, been satisfactorily established. The poor fellow had a wife, a terrible vixen, who lived at a distance, and whose presence he dreaded more than death; with the hope of accomplishing a final separation, he wrote to her the day after he received the reprieve, to the following effect:

"DEAR MARY—I was hanged yesterday, and died like a man: no more at present from your loving husband, till death does us part."

While you're a losing time I'm gaining it, as the thief said when he stole the watch.

E Pluribus Unum.—What's the meaning of them words that Eagle's got in his mouth, said a John Bull to a Jonathan, as he was looking at a military standard. "Why," says Jack, "that's our country's motto—it means *we are all flying to glory*." N. Y. Tattler.

Last case of Absence of Mind.—A young lady in B—— street came home from a ride the other evening, and left her horse at the door of her father's house, walking herself to the stable and taking the horse's place in the stall. She did not discover her mistake till the ostler began to rub her down. Boston Post.

An Accommodating Chap.—A long-haired youth yesterday applied to an intelligence office for a situation. "What sort of a place would you like?" was the business inquiry. "Why," said Johnny Raw, "I should like to get a chance in a dry good store, but I would work in a *tan-yard*." Ib.

Why are the Whigs so calm and indifferent lately when they are beaten? Because, as the fishmonger said of his eels when he was skinning them alive, 'they are *used* to it." Ib.

A Handsome Compliment.—Among the regular toasts drank at the celebration of the Fourth at Ithica, N. Y., we find the following very pretty compliment to the ladies:—

"*Woman*—There's a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a *better half* to man."

A Woman Strangled by her Bonnet strings.—A drunken female in England recently went to bed with her bonnet on. In that restlessness which intoxication often creates, she fell out of bed, and her bonnet becoming fastened between the bedstead or bedpost and the wall, she was so drunk as not to be able to unloose the strings, and was, in consequence, strangled.

American Liberality.—Here I cannot help making a few remarks upon a subject on which I think the general opinion in Britain is erroneous. We are taught to believe that the Yankee is invariably a suspicious and avaricious man in his money transactions, and incapable of those feelings and acts of liberality for which the British character is distinguished. I shall mention two instances that occurred to me in the space of four days, which showed a very different character from that of which the New Englanders are accused. The change in the route which the prevalence of the cholera at Montreal induced me to adopt, had prevented me from drawing any of the money which I intended to get in that city, and my finances were, therefore, so much reduced as to leave me only just sufficient to take me as far as Boston. Upon my mentioning the circumstance to Mr. T——, my landlord at Burlington, as my reason for not making some trifling purchases in that town, he at once advanced me fifty dollars, by endorsing my draft on New York, and presenting the bill to the Burlington Bank.

The second instance which I shall quote was in the purchase of the Indian pony. Mr. C——, of Montpelier, understanding that it would be inconvenient for me to pay his price out of my travelling pocket money, offered at once to accept my draft on New York for the sum, in which manner the purchase was made. Neither of these gentlemen had ever seen or heard of me before, and neither of them asked even for a letter of introduction or other papers to satisfy them as to any particulars respecting me; and with all due and *modest* allowance for my *gentlemanly* appearance, I very much doubt whether I should have met with the same liberal treatment, under similar circumstances, at a country town in Yorkshire or Lancashire.—*English Traveller.*

Laugh when you must—Connubial Felicity.—Mr. Slang used to say, "my horse, my boys." Mr. Slang now invariably says, "our horses, our boys," or our farm. This substitution of *our* for *my*, by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked—

"I now intend to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy," replied Mrs. Slang.

"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say my dairy."

"Say our dairy Mr. Slang."—"No, my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, my dairy!" vociferated the husband.

"Our dairy, our dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasising each 'our' with a blow of the poker on the back of the cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes: Mr. Slang remained under s veral minut s waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell. "What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" said she.

"I'm looking my dear," snivelled he, "to see anything of our hat."

The struggle was over. It was our horse, our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean linen breeches to church.

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,
No. 52 Fulton, (corner of Cliff Street,) New York. [j22,tf.]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."
A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broad way and Barclay street [A6]-

AMERICAN

TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE 9th No. of this work will be published on the 1st Sept., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; on Steel by Dick, after A. Cooper.
PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; on Steel by Dick, after Hancock.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."
New York, August 31.—[aug31]

NEW YORK RACES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

THE races over the *Union Course*, Long Island, will commence on the first Tuesday in October, and continue three days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, and closed, viz.:

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Imp. Barefoot
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark
5. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Shark
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Shark
7. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free only for 3 year olds that never won a race, ent. $20. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 20th of September.
Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Of the above purses, the sums of $50, $100, and $200, will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New York, then by Virginia rules; but if only one horse shall start, then the purses will be $250, $300, and $600. But the proprietors propose, that if the owners of Langford, Decatur, Hornblower, and Shadow, will enter into an inside stake (by the 15th September) of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, that *they* will give an additional sum of $300 to the second best, which would make the second best, if one of these three horses, draw $500 on the four mile day.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Now two subscribers, and several more expected. To name and close on the 15th Sept. Three or more to make a race.

Other mile heat purses may be given. If so, due notice will be given.
New York, August 31, 1839.—[4t] D. H. BRANCH.
Memo.—The BEACON COURSE races will commence on the 5th Tuesday, the 29th of October—particulars in time.

FRANKFORT Ky. RACES, CAPITOL COURSE.

THE races over the *Capital Course*, near Frankfort, Ky., will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 16th October next, and continue four days.

First day—The Cooper's Stake, Silver Pitcher, value $100, for 3 year olds, subscription $100 each, half forfeit, added; Two mile heats. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. W. Bacon names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Kitty Hunter by Paragon
2. W. S. Harris names b. f. *Mary Morriss*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter
3. John A. Holden names b. c. *Vidicq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Sydney*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Comet
5. Sydney Burbridge names b. f. *Kate Hunter*
6. J. W. Fenwick names (J. R. Ward's) b. c. *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee
7. Col Wm. Buford names ch. f. *Jenny Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian

Same day—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, P.P.; Mile heats. Now five subscribers, viz.:

Ben. Luckett | W. W. Bacon | J. W. Fenwick
S. Burbridge | J. A. Holden

Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Third day—Purse $600, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, subscription $50, h. ft. Five subs., viz.:

1. J. W. Burbridge names ch. c. *Frank Wilson*, by Rodolph, dam by Diomed
2. B. F. Tayloe names ch. c. by Singleton, dam unknown
3. E. R. Price names b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Tom Hampton*, by Imp. Swist, dam by Sumpter
5. Dr. L. Sanders names bl. f. *Rodolphy*, by Rodolph, dam by Whipster

Same day—Purse $50, with a subscription of $50 each, Mile heats, free for all. To close the day before the race. [Aug 31]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE

WILL be at Norfolk, Virginia, during the ensuing Races, (which commence on the 17th Sept.) and will be sold or let out for the ensuing season. His colts are very superior, both as to form and power. W. LIVINGSTON.
Richmond, Staten Island, Aug. 28, 1839.

The following letter to Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, U. S. N., who imported him, from FRANCIS B. OGDEN, Esq., the American Consul at Liverpool, gives Trustee's pedigree and performances:—

LIVERPOOL, July 6th, 1835.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I don't know if Corbin has written you or not since the Newmarket Meeting; the chances, I think, are rather against it, as, like yourself, the spirit of procrastination hangs heavily on him; he promised to do so, however, and no doubt will soon, if he has not already. Leaving to him, therefore, the minutiæ of description, and directions as to the future, I will fulfil my part of the business by informing you that while at Newmarket, C. and myself entered into a speculation, and came to the resolution of making you the consignee of our purchase. Accordingly, I beg to advise you, that by the Caledonia, to sail on the 16th, I shall ship, consigned to you, a horse, with whom I believe you already have some acquaintance, namely, the Duke of Cleveland's Trustee. Corbin says he recollects your seeing him run at Newmarket Craven meeting, when he was beaten by Sir Mark Wood's Vespa. At any rate, he run once too often for his Grace, who in a towering passion, because he was beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, although he was dead lame from the effects of his race the the year before, ordered him immediately to be sold. Through our friend Tattersall we came to know it, and took him off his Lordship's hands at something less than he paid for him to Ridsdale three years before. He is a splendid horse, and his blood equal to any in the kingdom. Had we not purchased him as we did, £300 at least would have been added to his price, from his own brother Mundig having just won the Derby, an account of which I enclose to you. As you may expect his arrival within a week after your receipt of this, I beg you will give directions as to his reception. If Robert Stevens is in New York, I am sure he will attend to his landing with great pleasure, and as to his future destination, I leave it entirely to Corbin.

Pedigree, &c.—Trustee, a ch. h., foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

At Epsom Meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonging to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram (winner of the July and Prendergast stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lbs.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs., h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten,) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers, beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D. I., 8 subscribers, beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August Meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb.; two miles.

At the Doncaster September Meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles, 3 subscribers, beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating b. c. Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks,) Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 against Malibran, 9 to 2 against Trustee, and 8 to 1 against Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Healey and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Grey, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom was Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom Meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 yr. olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subs.; 14 started, beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 against Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

Trustee's leg will make him unfit ever to be trained again, but will never injure him as a stallion. May he live long, and his offspring do credit to their sire!

[Aug. 31] Yours truly, FRAS. B. OGDEN.

FOR SALE.
A BULL, 4 years old; he is the produce of a Durham Bull and a full bred Devonshire Cow; gentle, and of full size and excellent form. Enquire of Mr. JOHN CURR, at Mr. KING'S, Jamaica, Long Island. [Aug. 31-3or4t]

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 will commence on Monday, September 30th, with the great sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, half forfeit, four mile heats, ten subs. and closed the 1st January, 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver and M. W. Dickey name gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, 3 yrs., by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley
2. W. T. Ward names b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, 4 years old, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster
3. Willa Viley names ch. f. *Queen Mary*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer
4. George N. Sanders and Lewis Sanders, Jr., name b. c. *Occident*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel
5. Sidney Burbridge names b. c. *Tarleton*, 4 years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey
6. James L. Bradley & H. B. Steele name ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William
7. Arthur Cheatham names b. c. *Billy Townes*, 5 years old, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian
8. James S. Garrison names ch. c. *Wagner*, 4 years old, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion
9. William Wynn names b. c. *Picton*, 4 years old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy
10. William Buford, Jr., names ch. f. *Musedora*, 3 years old, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko

Second day—Tuesday, 1st October, the regular Jockey Club races commence with a Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; proprietor adds a plate, value $500; the second best horse to receive back his stake; closed the 1st March, 1838, with 18 subs., viz.:

1. George N. Sanders, by Lewis Sanders
2. George N. Sanders, by Lewis Sanders
3. Sidney Burbridge, by Lewis Sanders
4. Sidney Burbridge, by Lewis Sanders
5. Mason Thompson
6. Benjamin Luckett
7. F. R. Robinson
8. James L. Bradley
9. M. R. Tarlton
10. Richard Pindell
11. William Buford, Jr.
12. Miles W Dickey
13. James K. Duke
14. Robert Burbridge, by Sidney Burbridge
15. James W. Fenwick
16. Lewis K. Grigsby
17. Thomas G. Moore
18. William Wynn.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $1000, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50 each, h. ft.; closed the 25th December, 1838, with the following subscribers:

1. Thomas H. Philips names b. f. by Pelham, dam by Sumpter.
2. Fred. Herr names b. c. *Japhet*, by Meteor, dam by Hamiltonian.
3. Sidney Burbridge names br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko.
4. A. Hikes names gr. f. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams by Richard.

Fifth day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mile heats, entrance depending on the number of subscribers.
Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, Four mile heats.

There never has been a race, even the great contest between Eclipse and Henry, that has produced the same interest and excitement as the $20,000 sweepstakes, to come off over the Oakland Course the last day of September next. The same number of horses of like reputation has never been engaged together in any race in America. All have gone into it with the knowledge of the powers of their adversaries. Nine of the entries are now in training, with every prospect of starting. This stake with others are the largest purses ever offered in the state, bringing together Mr. McCargo's, Col. Wynn's, and Mr. Harrison's full stables, affording every day a foreign contest with Kentucky horses, making two great four mile races in one week.

For the better accommodation of the immense number expected at this race, the stands are now being added to so as to afford an entire view of the race to all. In consequence of the immense expense the proprietor has incurred in getting up this race, he will charge double price at the gate this day only. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor*.
Louisville, Ky., Aug. 12, 1839.—[aug 24]

KENDALL COURSE FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 over this Course will take place, as usual, on the second Tuesday, the 8th October, and continue five days, to wit:—

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, to close on the 1st September next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson.

Same day—A Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now 2 subs.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson | David McDaniel

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, that never started in a public race, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; four or more a race; to name and close 1st September. Now 2 subs., viz.:
Col. Wm. R. Johnson | David McDaniel

Third day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $700; if but one, $500; Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $600, $200 of which goes to second best horse, if more than two start; if but two the winner to receive $400; if but one, $360. Three mile heats.

Fifth day—A Colt's Purse $200, Two mile heats, free only for colts having been beaten during the week, $25 entrance, to be added to the purse; the second best Colt, if more than two start, to receive $50 out of the Purse.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. Entrance to the above Purse, 5 per cent. The entry will be made on the day preceding each day's race, by 12 o'clock, M., in order that they may be announced from the stand after each day's race.

The Course will be put in extra good order. Stables and litter will, as usual, be furnished to race horses, free of charge. The Course has been recently measured with two Ten Foot Rods, and found to be over a mile; of which, proper notice will be given in the "Spirit of the Times."

The following Stakes are now open to be run over this Course, to wit:

The SEWELL STAKES, for 3 year olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1840, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st May next, by paying $50, to name and close 1st January next. Now three subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. J. V. Wagner.

Also, the PETE WHETSTONE STAKES, to run Spring Meeting, 1841, with 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 6 subs., to wit:

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips by Sussex.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Col. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

The Proprietor begs leave to call the particular attention of Racers and Breeders to the foregoing Stakes, and hopes he will not be disappointed in having them well filled. Letters addressed to the Proprietor, post marked, on or before the closing of the stake, will be in due time. JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor*.
Kendall Course, August 16, 1839.—[aug 24-3t]

NEWMARKET COURSE, PETERSBURG, Va.

THE Fall Meeting over this course will commence on Tuesday, 24th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstake, two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, free only for colts and fillies that never won a race, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit; to name and close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats, ent. $15.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, with an inside Post Stake of $2000 each, P. P., to which there are 3 subs., viz.:
Charles Hatcher, for E. J. Wilson, O. P. Hare, | Wm. R. Johnson.

This race will bring to the post three of the best horses in the United States.

Fourth day—Citizens' Plate, value $400, Three mile heats, ent. $40. The winner to take the plate or money at his option.

There is also a Sweepstake open to be run this day, free for any three year old, two mile heats, sub. $300 each, half forfeit, to name and close 10th September. Now 2 subs.
[Aug. 24] O. P. HARE, *Proprietor*.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting over the above Course, will commence on the fourth Tuesday, 22d October, 1839, and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday), a sweepstake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100.

David M'Daniel names ch. f. Ildica by Pacific, out of Delila by Sir Archy.
James B. Kendall names gr. f. by Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.
Col. Wm R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
James K. Van Mater names ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller.
Also, " " " br. c. Mercer by Emilius.

Same Day a sweepstake for 3 year olds which never won a race, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats,

Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons Tonson, out of the dam of Catherine Davis.
David M'Daniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
James K. Van Mater names br. c. Mercer, by Emilius.
Also, " " " bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel.

Second day (Wednesday), a Purse of $1500, Four mile heats.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which shall not have won a race previous to closing this stake. Sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats, three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st of September.

Third day (Thursday), a purse of $1000, Three mile heats.
Fourth day (Friday), a purse of $600, Two mile heats.

Several purses will also be given during the meeting, for Mile heats, &c., of which due notice will be given.

One third of each of the above purses to go to the second best, if more than *one* start, —if but *one* all to go to the winner.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not designate the second best, the horse that is second in the last heat, will be so considered.

Entries for all purses will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race, at *nine* o'clock, A. M., that they may be published in the New York and Philadelphia papers, on the morning of each race—entrance 5 per cent.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern states, can rely on securing good stables for race-horses, by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

☞ As the New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads have brought the Eagle Course within a few hours ride of New York and Philadelphia, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than have heretofore been on any course *North of Louisiana*. O. BAILEY, Secretary.
Trenton, N. J. August 9th, 1839. [aug10.]

DURHAM CATTLE AND BERKSHIRE HOGS FOR SALE.

THE subscriber intending to return to England, offers for sale his stock of Imported Short Horned Cattle and Berkshire Pigs, at his residence, English Neighborhood, Bergen County, N. J., five miles from New York.

The stock consists of 15 head of Milking Cows, four of them imported, and the remainder got by the imported Herd Book bulls, Dishley, Durham, Wye Comet, Hall's Comet, Memnon, Admiral, Denton, &c.—One 2 year old heifer, four 1 year old ditto, and from 8 to 10 Spring calves.

BERKSHIRE PIGS.

Ten Breeding sows in pig, and with pigs by them at the present time—from forty to fifty pigs ready for delivery at any time, at prices from $10 to $20 per pair, delivered in New York.

The imported Herd Book bred bull, Bloomsbury, is with the cows for the season, and from present appearances they will all soon be in calf.

The yearling and spring calves are by the subscriber's bull, Snow Ball, late Minervis, by Wye Comet, dam Nelle, bred by Israel Munson, Esq., of Boston, got by the imported bull, Admiral, g. dam Rosa, bred by Mr. Munson, by the imported bull, Denton, owned by Stephen Williams, of Northborough, Mass., gr. g. d. Tuberose, bred by Mr. Wetherall, and imported by Mr. Munson.

For further particulars see Herd Book,—Dishley, page 63—Durham, 567—Wye Comet, 200—Admiral, 2—Denton, 43—Tuberose, 524. BENJ. BRENTNALL.
English Neighborhood, Bergen county, N.J., five miles from New York, Aug. 8, 1839.
[aug10.]

BUCKEYE STAKE.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Buckeye Stake," on the first day of the Spring Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Mile heats, for colts and fillies to be three years old the respective dates, $300 entrance, $100 ft., to name and close the 1st day of January in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.
June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs, Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, R. K. Polk, Jas. W. Camp
T. Watson, Samuel Ragland, E. H. Boardman,
Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis, George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson, Lucius J. Polk, Nicholas Davis,
Samuel Ragland, William H. Polk, by } E. H. Boardman,
T. Watson, Lucius J. Polk, } James W. Camp,
Willis H. Boddie, R. K. Polk, Hickman Lewis.
L. P. Cheatham,

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver, | Duncan F. Kenner, | George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier, | W. J. Minor, | A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor, | Fergus Duplantier, | T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver, | G. N. Sanders, | A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $50, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Haulin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1aJun

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take piece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

WHEELING JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Wheeling Course* will commence on Tuesday, the 2d Sept., and continue five days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 20th August. Now two subs.

Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close by 1st Sept.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Third day—Corinthian Stake for untried horses, Mile heats, $25 entrance, sd. sd Gentlemen Riders, dressed in Jockey Club style; weight 160lbs., to close the day before the race.

Same day—For a Splendid Sett of Cut Glass, value $150, Two mile heats; entrance depending upon the number of subscribers; the winner to take the glass or the money at his option.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

J. E. NORVELL, } *Proprietors.*
J. H. OLIVER, }

[jy 20]

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex; Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus; Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stalllons, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

CROSS KEYS COURSE, SOUTHAMPTON CO., Va.

THE races over this course will commence the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $150 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to name and close the 1st day of Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now two subscribers.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount, $15 entrance.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, $20 ent.

Fourth day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close the 1st day of Sept. 1839. Three or more to make a race.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, One mile, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. Now two subs., and many more expected.

Entries made to any of the above stakes will be addressed to SAMPSON C. RUSE, Proprietor, Boykin's Depot, Southampton County, Virginia.

GEORGE B. CARY, President.
ROBT. RIDLEY, 1st Vice President.
C. D. BARHAM, Secretary. JAS. S. FRENCH, 2d Vice President.

July 12, 1839.—[jy 20]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839 will commence on Tuesday, 10th September, and continue five days.

First day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the Proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th Aug.

To this race six subscribers are expected.

Same day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for three year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Kentucky; Mile heats.

Second day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a Beautiful Tea Sett (Silver), the amount of entrance to be governed by the number. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the Race, to name at the Judges' Stand, previous to the hour of starting.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in Gold. Mile heats.

If three or more start the second best to receive $100 out of this purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.

20th June, 1839.—[Jy 6] LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

SYMMES* STAKES.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Symmes Stake" on the first day of the Fall Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies to be 3 years old the respective dates, $300 ent., $100 forfeit, to name and close the 1st day of April in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6–6t]

* Col. J. C. Symmes, who settled the Cincinnati district.

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting: among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor*.

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to
[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-t-y[

CINCINNATI FALL MEETING.

AN EXTRA PURSE OFFERED—$500 IN AMERICAN GOLD.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run for over the Cincinnati Course, on Monday, the 9th Sept., Two mile heats; subscription $100 each, h. ft. Ten or more to make a race. Each subscriber to pay $25 to the Proprietor in aid of the purse, which is to be $500 in American Gold, hung up at the Judges' Stand.

If three start the second best to receive $200 out of the stake; if four or more start, the third best to receive $100 out of the stake; the balance of the stake and the Purse goes to the winner. To name and close on or before the 15th Aug. In naming, the subscriber will forward the same to Lewis Sanders, Recording Secretary, Cincinnati, dated on the letter where it is mailed previous to 15th Aug. LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

June 24, 1839.—[Jy 6]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp. Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." (jy13)

THEATRICAL.

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☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterf

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, August 31—A variety of entertainments, which will be expressed in the bills of the day.

MONDAY, Sept. 2—3d night of Miss MAYWOOD and Mr. RANGER'S engagement. THE STRANGER; Mrs. Haller, Miss Maywood—and THE ROMANTIC WIDOW; St. Croix, Mr. Ranger.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3—4th night of Miss MAYWOOD and Mr. RANGER. LADY OF LYONS; Pauline, Miss Maywood; and an entertainment, in which Mr. Ranger will perform.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4—Last night but one of the engagement of Miss MAYWOOD and Mr. RANGER.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5—Mr. RANGER'S Benefit.

FRIDAY, Sept. 6—Miss MAYWOOD'S Benefit.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Aug. 31—THE GLADIATOR; Spartacus, Mr. FORREST—with the farce of AN AFFAIR OF HONOR, in which Mr. Brown and Miss Ayres will perform.

On Monday and Tuesday Mr. FORREST will perform. He will likewise sustain a celebrated character on Wednesday evening, being the last night but two of his engagement.

☞ Bulwer's celebrated play of RICHELIEU; OR, THE CONSPIRACY, is in active rehearsal, during Mr. Forrest's engagement; Cardinal Richelieu, (1st time,) Mr. FORREST.

ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE THEATRES.

The Fall season in St. Louis (Missouri), will commence on Monday, the 12th instant, and close about the 25th October. That in Mobile will begin early in November, and end about the 25th of March. The Spring season of 1840 (in St. Louis), will commence about the 1st April, and continue until the 4th of July. We suggest to such STARS as may wish to perform in either city, that an early intimation of their wishes may be necessary to secure engagements with us—as heretofore it has been impossible to receive *all* the performers of eminence who have visited the south and west, in consequence of the nights applied for having far exceeded the number we have had it in our power to devote to Stars. Address us at St. Louis until the 15th of October, and after that date, at Mobile.

[aug10-3t] LUDLOW & SMITH.

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession, that applications for engagements for the approaching season of the Theatres in Virginia can be made to the subscriber at Richmond, Va. The perfect success of the drama, during the last season, in Virginia, has authorized the erection of a new Theatre ("Avon") in Norfolk; and that the same mutual responsibility between the lessee and *artiste* may be continued, in all engagements, therefore, *articles of agreement* will be required. Season to commence about September, and extend to about thirty weeks. Address, *post paid*,

GEORGE JONES,

Lessee and sole director of the "Marshal," "Avon," and "Petersburg" Theatres, Va.

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE following Theatres will be opened by the subscriber during the ensuing Season, commencing in September, and terminating in May, 1840:—Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus, Ga., and Montgomery and Wetumpka, Ala. Performers wishing situations in the above circuit, will please address the undersigned (post paid) at Montgomery, Ala. Young performers of talent will meet with every encouragement, and every opportunity afforded them of advancing rapidly in the profession.

WM. R. HART,

[jy 27] Proprietor and Manager.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Whether to wanton in a description of the graceful dancing of our TAGLIONIS—or to praise the glorious *Aldebella* of Miss CUSHMAN—or to congratulate Mr. RANGER upon his successful though unexpected hit—or to apologize for the short coming of Miss MAYWOOD, or to announce a clever Irish addition to the stock company in Mr. SHAW—whether to do all this after the daily papers have already done it, or to do any or a part of it, and if all, which part first—these are the perplexities which meet us as we sit down to write our things theatrical for the week. Should the reader have arrived at the *git* of this wordy sentence, he has already conceived all the leading points which belong peculiarly to our Park head for this day. Were we to amplify, and we suppose we must do so, upon each several topic, the whole burthen of our discourse would but enforce the five several points (we put in *several* lest our article sound rakish) with which we have opened-up our argument;—but to the task.

The Taglionis can certainly do nothing better than the beautiful, ever refreshing "Bayadere." There is to be sure an anomaly in introducing a male dancer in a prominent scene, in which the resistless fascination of a "pretty bayadere" ought to work out all the meaning and designs of the composer; but so little do our Yankee audiences look to the comprehensive whole—the ideal end and aim of the author—that no one is dissatisfied, and the pit forgives, and will now, we fear, demand, the masculine addition to a scene, before thought unequalled in its conception and finish. The pirouettes of Monsieur are, upon the whole, better relished by our audiences than the airy, graceful steps of Madame. This is an utter perversion of taste—did nothing else forbid, gallantry should award the palm to the feminine softness of Madame Taglioni—but our Park pits have fallen into decay since Hamblin played there, or set up new gods for their worship, for in this instance we can devoutly declare, that not alone one's gallantry, but his notions of right and wrong, of rendering "unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," are outraged upon observing the loud applause which is sure to greet some forced efforts of Taglioni, his "ground and lofty tumbling," when the light, delicate, and most exquisite movements of his wife are rewarded in subdued bravoes and fainter echoes. Don't imagine from this that Madame is not a favorite—on the contrary, she is perhaps as much admired as any *dansеuse* who has ever yet crossed the water—but the taste for the amusement is even yet in its infancy in this country, as is nightly proved to our minds by the indiscriminate and often mis-judged applause with which these artists are honored at the Park, excellent as they are, and well deserving of hearty tokens of approbation.

The position which we assumed last week has been strengthened by the experience of the present—dancing ought not to constitute the substance of an evening's entertainments (unless the spectators are allowed to join in with the ballet!) The Bayadere draws better than "La Sylphide," because of the music and the interest of the plot, and the excellent acting of RICHINGS. There is something to charm each sense, and excite moderately the mind of the spectator, while in a pure ballet the taste for beautiful grouping and dancing is almost exclusively indulged. The reader may say in answer to this, that on Thursday evening the Taglionis drew a good house—not fashionable only, but well filled. Mr. Ranger drew that house, dear reader, and the Taglionis gave infinite satisfaction that evening because the audience had something to *begin upon* that night of substantial interest. We might have said the same of Tuesday evening, had any one then known or dreamed that a new actor, in a new line, was on that occasion to demand and receive the heartiest plaudits as a finished comedian. Suppose, then, we drop the Taglionis for the nonce, and say a few words for this new claimant upon our support?

Mr. RANGER came among us quite unheralded—we do not recollect even to have heard of his name before—he ventured not only to play in a comedy quite unknown to the town, but risked damnation as an author, as well as an actor, in a play of his own composition. Mr. Ranger was entirely successful; there is no mistaking the public sense in a case of this sort; people are wofully given to underrate new-comers, to deny ability to those who, if successful, are doomed to supplant old favorites. But in the present instance, we hasten to record that both the press and the public have been disappointed, and that a man whose good taste deterred him from making an effort to secure that support by management and puffery, which he hoped to receive for downright merit, has stamped himself by the performance of two evenings as a comedian of first rate excellence. On each occasion he has been called out by the enthusiasm of the audience (a terrible practice this of calling a man out the *second* night!) and on each occasion he has had the good taste to acknowledge the compliment in silence, simply appearing before the audience, bowing to their applause, and modestly retiring. There is a custom quite too prevalent in this community of calling people out, and expecting long speeches from them—of throwing wreaths, and such like gear. The value of such tokens of good feeling on the part of an audience is lost altogether when they become so common as they now are. But this has nothing to do with Mr. Ranger, who looks so like a gentleman and a man of sense, that he must appreciate all these things aright.

One signal peculiarity of Mr. Ranger's play and of his own acting, is that he makes the character of a Frenchman tolerable in itself, nay even respectable, on the stage. It has not been the wont of John Bull in his drama to attribute high-mindedness, generosity and spirit, as characteristic qualities of his mercurial neighbors. On the contrary, poor Johnny Crapeau has been the favorite mark for every shaft of ridicule, and to this is to be attributed in a good degree the low estimate and very erroneous one, which marks the public sentiment as to the dignity and moral worth of Frenchmen, both in England and America. Mr. Ranger plays a Frenchman, the vulgar amusement excited by whose imperfect accent, is counterpoised by sterling qualities of mind, and for once the Gaul is made respectable on an English stage. With such natural dignity does Mr. Ranger go through his part, (some eight or ten parts, more strictly speaking) with so exquisite an accent does he murder the Queen's English in his broken patois, that you are persuaded involuntarily that the man must be a Frenchman born, who has come out here to vindicate the claim of his countrymen of "la grande nation." To insist at such length upon Mr. Ranger's excellence in a particular and limited point, may indicate to the reader that there is nothing more in his performance ro recommend. Not so; but the truth is, that he has as yet appeared but in a single play, and we fear injustice might be done both to himself and us, were we to venture upon a more general and comprehensive eulogy.

On Wednesday evening Miss Maywood appeared as *Bianca*, in Milman's tragedy of "Fazio," and failed. It is unpleasant to write such things, but occasionally it must be done. It sometimes happens that an editor can get over a failure by dropping the subject altogether, allowing the poor condemned one to fall into obscurity with no greater momentum than his own dead weight. But again, when the public have in advance been apprised of the attraction of an approaching season, and the name of a lady has been paraded at the head of the list, as if she were, *par eminence*, the crowning glory of the whole, it is not so easy to escape writing of them. You may be ever so much inclined to spare the feelings of the individual, but it is your duty at all events to represent truly the strength of the Manager's forces; and we therefore have to say, that so far as any reliance has been placed upon Miss Maywood to bear up the banner of the Park, the reliance is misplaced: *she cannot play Bianca at all*, and the sooner this is made known to her, the better for her ultimate success and happiness. It may not be out of our province to suggest, that for almost any thing does Miss Maywood appear as well fitted as for the stage. We have now done with *this* aspect of a very unpleasant theme.

But a few words as to the means which were employed to secure her success. The newspapers began more than a month ago to chant the praises of a new theatrical prodigy, to direct the attention of their readers towards a bright star just rising in the theatrical firmament; as the period approached when she would reach that point in her orbit which would bring her within our New York field of view, the shouts increased; you would have thought (unless accustomed to such things), that another planet had indeed been added to the catalogue of the astronomers.

How ridiculous was all this noise and commotion, the event has shown. Had all the praises which were so lavishly bestowed, been well-deserved, it was most impolitic so far to raise expectation, that no degree of excellence could go beyond it. But it was not alone impolitic; it was most unjust—unjust to the object of all the adulation, because it rendered her success problematic even did she possess cleverness—but most unjust to the press itself, which thus loses all character for candour, moderation, and truth. There were but few who were really in the present instance deceived by all the puffing, as we are bound to confess. The praise was laid on "*a leetle too thick*" for our gullible people; but it did not the less degrade the press because it disgusted everybody.

The reader must not believe that we are pushing this matter unfairly; it may justify our course to show how far the gagging system was carried in this business. The "New York Mirror" of this day thus modestly discourses. "At the Park, Miss Maywood has been received with decided favor." It would hardly be polite to characterize this assertion; it was the flattest failure ever seen. But again, "She is quite beautiful, and her performances in "Fazio." the "Stranger" and the "Hunchback" show a remarkable degree of talent." This is particularly honest, as the reader will believe when we tell him that she has not yet played here either in the Stranger or Hunchback! It was probably the intention of the manager to have had them played ere this, but we imagine they will now de indefiuitely postponed.

Now there are two tricks in this business, deserving exposure, though we have not time this week to go into the subject. First, the "Mirror" would have it believed that he keeps up with the times, and because his paper is dated the 31st of August, that it will contain the literary or theatrical news up to that time. While in the country this summer, we were often asked why our paper should always be so late, while the Mirror from the same city arrived always in good season. It is, of course, because the Mirror is printed some two weeks or less before it is dated. But this would be venial but for the other trick, of endeavoring to gull the public, as in the present instance, into the belief that an individual has succeeded on our stage, when the reverse is indisputably the fact. It is particularly disgusting in the Mirror, because that paper did at one time enjoy a reputation as a critical journal, and does still aim at a like distinction. How honest and discriminating it really is, we have not time to illustrate now; the above may be taken as a sample, and if the reader would have further evidence, we would add that the two sentences which follow in the Mirror of to-day, those which we have quoted, are equally and as confessedly erroneous—making four consecutive sentences conveying each a misrepresentation, and one of them even more!

It would be rank injustice to lose this opportunity of pronouncing our eulogium upon the manner in which Miss Cushman played *Aldebella* on Wednesday. It was interrupted repeatedly with the most rapturous applause of the audience; a stranger who knew not individuals would have thought that in *her* he was admiring the wonderful debutante of the evening. She played with an energy truly magnificent, and with a propriety and truth that rendered the secret of her fascination over the weak-minded *Fazio* no longer inexplicable.

Some other matters have been noted by us this week, upon which it was our purpose to remark, but this article has already grown to a cumbrous length.

The National.—They are doing a profitable business here, if houses from $500 to $1000 a night are compensating. Mr. FORREST has played every evening since the season commenced, and the past week in Hamlet, the Gladiator, and Metamora. Can it be that the modern fashion of running a leading actor every night of the week, and for a succession of weeks, is as profitable to the theatre, and as conducive to the reputation of the actor as the old mode of having them play four nights in the week? It has ever seemed to us that the public must become fatigued when this course is pursued, and though it is of little use to give hints to managers in matters where their interest makes them sharp sighted, it can do no harm to say to actors that they thus inevitably are sporting with their fame.

It is understood that Bulwer's great drama of "Richelieu" is to be brought out next Monday by Mr. Forrest. As a drama for the closet, we prefer it very much to the "Lady of Lyons;" indeed, it has ever surprised us that the latter play should have been so successful on the stage. It is certainly a favorite with the profession, as is manifest from its being very often selected for first appearances and the like. Mr. Forrest will probably play in it again, and we can say this of him, that no one on our stage has ever made so much of *Claude Melnotte* as himself. Miss MONIER has succeededperfectly in *Pauline*.

Of the vocalists of this establisbment we hear little, and are not probably likely to see them till October. By the way, the National will be very heavily stocked in this department. Miss SHIRREFF is certainly engaged; Mrs. HENRY WALLACK, better known as the very beautiful Miss TURPIN, is now daily expected by the Wellington from England, whither she had proceeded for the benefit of her health; Mrs. BAILEY, too, is to resume her old place, so that we do not see that they can well make room for Mrs. SEGUIN. Each of the three favorites above will be greeted with enthusiasm, for the best of the National supporters are after all musical folks, and have now long enough been deprived of their wonted luxury. It would not be injudicious, one would think, to allow them the pleasure of one week of music before CHARLES KEAN begins. After having full three weeks of tragedy, to follow up with a third engagement of precisely the same character is certainly almost too much of a good thing.

We have seen young Wallack play *Cassio* so cleverly during Mr. Forrest's engagement, that it is right to make a paragraph about him, especially as in his day he has received a goodly number of hard hits (editorial) at our hands, and we are not yet disposed "to have done" with him. It is observed that with the present season, he has entered upon a new and higher line of business; from the *mere* walking gentleman of last year, he now plays important and heavy parts, as *Cassio*, *Richmond*, *Macduff*, and the like. Some have been disposed to find fault with the manager and the young man for this elevation. Now the truth is, he is far better fitted for this new line than he was for his old one, and this we assert with entire confidence; and not only so, but he plays far better than ever *before*, being inspired by the advance in his profession *voluntarily* to put forth all his energies, and imperatively called upon to do so in self-preservation—for if he now flags for an instant, he will irrecoverably be damned;

——facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum——

"is the devil" indeed, in the case of a poor actor. Our attention was called to this subject by seeing him play *Cassio;* in the drinking scene he assuredly acquitted himself with the very highest credit, and showed that he had studied the performance of his uncle, who in a drunken scene is, of all actors, inimitable. Young Wallack received, as he deserved, for this, a round of hearty applause. Now let us give him a word of advice in our rough way, not less honestly bestowed because unfortunately and indistinctly expressed, and which will do not for him alone, but for some other folks in the same line at other houses, who shall be nameless.

Imprimis, let him be diligent and ever watchful to develope his voice,—it lacks compass and force, but the organ may be improved immeasurably by continual practical exertion, not by reading some quack treatise on the "explosive power of the human voice." Secondly, let him rid himself at once of the *mauvaise honte* which now mars his performance of every tame passage in his part, and to which he is only superior when he loses sight of himself in the enthusiasm and energy of more highly-wrought scenes. And it here may be remarked *passim* that this fault of which we now speak, was the prominent one which the public discovered in his acting last year; and that it is a fault which is naturally relieved in a degree by attempting higher characters, and of this position we verily believe that some critics have lost sight, who, with no unkind feelings towards young Wallack, have censured him for his presumption in playing Richmond this season, when he could not excel in minor parts.

Again, intimately connected with the necessity of rising above this *mauvaise honte*, is the acquisition of a degree of self-respect and confidence which shall give dignity to the bearing of an actor and to the expression of his countenance; the great element in this dignity is repose. In this particular of a calm, collected self-possession, Mr. Wallack is deficient, discovering often timidity of manner, a hesitating embarrassment as if he were imagining what some numskull of an actor might be thinking about him, in place of uniting all his thoughts and feelings in his part.

Fourthly, in correcting this error, avoid falling into that opposite and more common one, an undue degree of self-reliance, which like the former draws the mind from its proper occupation, to the admiration of one's self—to a theatrical canvassing of the looks of the audience, to discover what booby is envious of a popinjay garb, and what Laura Matilda is sighing for so handsome a lover. When Placide congratulates himself on his well turned calf in *Uncle John*, and displays his solidity of muscle, you see an old man before you innocently rejoicing in his vigorous maturity, and not a vain stage-player who scans with eager eye the well-filled boxes to count the number of dolorous wives who are panting with regret that their husbands have been less favored by nature. In this particular case, and in the general fault of which we cite it as an example, young Wallack will find a better model in Mr. Forrest or Placide, than his handsome uncle. There is a young man, nay, there are two, at the Park, who might derive a useful hint from the spirit of this homely criticism, would they turn their thoughts inwardly.

Fifthly, never rant—of all things never rant; it is the fault of faults of a young actor, and is in New York especially offensive, because associated with the Bowery school of acting, which by gruff howlings which "make night hideous," by exaggerated, pointless, disgusting roars, seeks bravos from the sooty gods, and challenges the applause of the ragamuffin who in the pit eats peanuts.

Lastly, "be not too tame, neither," for there is nothing which an audience so reluctantly excuses as listlessness or indifference. It is the most *impertinent* fault which can be conceived; the best actor must sometimes misconceive a passage or a point, but there is no apology for a dull, inanimate representation. Pour all your feelings into the delivery of the author's words, but feelings kindled by the words themselves and the situation. To do this, requires concentration of thought, and an entire forgetfulness of self, and almost of the audience. With an air of cheerfulness and a spirited manifest effort to do justice to a character, an audience is ever satisfied, unless some natural inability obviously has unfitted an actor for the stage. Mr. Wallack labors under no such difficulty,—he has but to follow up with energy the exertions which he is evidently making, to secure the continuance of the applause, which is now greater than he ever before received, and to raise himself by the slow but sure line of safe precedents to that theatrical eminence which two others of his family have already reached.

The Nashville theatre opened on Thursday, the 15th Aug., under the management of C. C. HODGES, Esq. (the husband of Miss NELSON), and the company will be in great force. Mrs. Drake, Miss Nelson, Mrs. John Greene, Mrs. Lewellen, &c. &c., Hodges, John Greene, Lewellen, Johnson, Corry, besides several stars of celebrity.

We have barely room to announce the death of Mr. VINCENT DECAMP (formerly of England, and a relative of the Kemble family,) at Houston, Texas,—and of CHAPMAN, the proprietor of "Chapman's Floating Theatre." A more extended notice next week.

Come to tea, girls.—A bachelor, of Newark, N. J., well to live in the world, is about setting out in quest of a wife. He says that none need throw themselves in his way unless they can make a good cup of tea, and can drink any quantity after it is made. They must, moreover, use nothing but tea, as he is a *tea*-totaller himself, and uses none of the *ardent*, except in love. He states that he is industrious, good looking, and entertains no fears for the worst, as he is always successful in all his undertakings. He'll find a customer in short order.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each; orders enclosing the money will be promptly attended to, and the Engravings, with or without the paper, will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

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No Advertisements will be inserted for a less sum than One dollar.

☞ Communications, if by Mail, should be addressed, post paid, to the Editor or left at the Publication Office on the Corner of Broadway and Barclay Street, in the American Hotel Basement.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.